CATHOLIC BOOK WEEK

THE

Commonweal

Eliot and His Critics

John W. Simons

British-African Tangle

Michael P. Fogarty

Thomas Merton's Diary

Henry Rago

Volume LVII, Number 21 February 27, 1953 Twenty Cents

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

PURISSIMA brand candles
100% beeswax

ALTAR brand candles
60% beeswax

MISSA brand candles
51% beeswax

MISSA brand Blessed candles
51% beeswax

ALTAR brand Paschal candles
60% beeswax

SANCTOLAMPS

SANCTOLITES

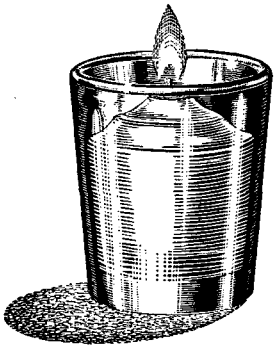
LUX DOMINI SANCTOLITES
conform to Canon Law 1271

PONTIFICAL brand frankincense

KWIK-LITE prepared charcoal

MARBLE brand, POLAR brand, ONYX brand, stearic acid candles

That the minds of the Faithful may be aroused to contemplation...



"...that the minds of the faithful, by means of these visible signs of religion and devotion, may be aroused to the contemplation of the highest mysteries",* we have dedicated a rigorously disciplined skill, a most exacting chemical science, and a profound conviction that articles used for sacred purposes should incorporate in their manufacture, purity, dignity and fineness of structure.

Mediator Dei

Will & Baumer
CANDLE CO., INC.
AMERICA'S PIONEER CHURCH CANDLE MAKERS

SYRACUSE BOSTON NEW YORK CHICAGO
MONTREAL LOS ANGELES

PURVEYORS TO THE VATICAN BY APPOINTMENT

THIS WEEK

Week by Week 511

Eliot and His Critics
By John W. Simons 515

British-African Tangle
By Michael P. Fogarty 517

A Delayed Hotfoot for Joe Ryan
By John C. Cort 519

The Screen
By Philip C. Hartung 522

The Stage
By Richard Hayes 523

Catholic Books 525

From the Belly of the Whale
By Henry Rago 526

Book Reviews 530

THE COMMONWEAL
386 FOURTH AVENUE
NEW YORK 16

EDWARD S. SKILLIN: *Editor*
JOHN COGLEY: *Executive Editor*
JAMES O'GARA: *Managing Editor*

Assistant Editors:
WILLIAM P. CLANCY, WILLIAM PFAFF

Associate Editors:
The Labor Movement: JOHN C. CORT
The Screen: PHILIP T. HARTUNG
The Stage: RICHARD HAYES

Contributing Editors:
PHILIP BURNHAM, ANNE FREMANTLE

JOHN BRUBAKER: *Advertising Manager*

Published weekly, printed and copyrighted 1953, in the U. S. A. by The Commonweal Publishing Co., Inc., 386 Fourth Ave., New York 16, N. Y., MUrray Hill 3-9685. Entered as second-class matter, February 9, 1934, at the post office at New York, N. Y., under the act of March 3, 1879. U. S. and Canada, $7 a year. Foreign $8. Single copies, 20c.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE Commonweal

week by week

PLANS FOR ASIA

PRESIDENT Eisenhower seems to have tripped over his own secrecy. The first moves of the Administration's undisclosed plan for the Far East, the removal of the Seventh Fleet from Formosa Strait and the intentionally ominous talk about a blockade, removed, instead, the inhibitions of the Democratic opposition and the Republican enthusiasts so that Mr. Dulles eventually had to quell the clamor by telling a Senate Foreign Relations subcommittee that there would be no precipitous moves in the Orient without consultation with Congress and our allies. So the score for the week was low, and the confusion high.

There are two theories about how the President will fulfill his mandate to break the Far Eastern stalemate. One, whose supporters apparently include General Van Fleet as well as many congressional Republicans, is to launch at least a limited offensive in Korea, and to bomb and blockade China's mainland. This may be militarily justifiable, although military opinion is certainly not unanimous. There is an unquestioned risk of bogging down our manpower in a fruitless Chinese war. And 'blockade' is one of those ringing words which lose their ring as they are pulled apart.

The second plan for dealing with the Far Eastern situation is a practical and reasonable implementation of the rather brutal campaign assurance that henceforth Asians would fight Asians. According to this report, published by the Alsops, the ROK army will be built up to where it can take over the front, backed, for the time at least, by American artillery and armor. If stalemate we are to have in Korea, then the ROKs will hold our end of the stalemate while American divisions are moved to more mobile and useful positions: Japan or the United States.

Substantially the same formula will be applied to Indochina. The Americans will help the French to build up a native army so that French divisions can be transferred to the European Army.

These are the reported plans. The second is an intelligent and respectable approach to an exhausting problem, and in spite of the Administration's attempt (almost hopeless in the atmosphere of American politics) to keep its real plan secret, the scattered reports indicate that the Eisenhower plan is substantially the latter program.

SUCCESS in this plan would greatly ease military pressures upon the Western nations, and would give us a better chance for final settlement in Korea and Indochina. But the over-all problem in the Far East would not be solved, for it is not, essentially, military. It is a moral and educational problem.

It is a question of turning Far Eastern nationalism and vitality into the channels of responsible democracy. It is a question of passing to them the tradition of parliamentary democracy and individual political responsibility which we have been building in the West since the time of the feudal lords.

The job would be eased by a structure of international cooperation, exchange, pooled educational facilities and technical aid in the Orient. It is a matter of finding a pattern for our dealings with the East which would take the curse off of such remarks as "let Asians fight Asians." Organization is no panacea, but would provide at least a *habit* of dealing with Orientals as respected equals, as people whose aspirations in this tragic struggle are as important as those of our own people. The long-range struggle is for the soul of Asia. It is a matter of bringing to reality the sentiment put most succinctly into words by the man who wrote: "Any man's death diminishes me, because I am involved in Mankinde; and therefore never send to know for whom the bell tolls; it tolls for thee."

SECURITY FOR FRANCE

THE obstacles to the ratification of the European Defense Community agreements are unfortunately solidly rooted. It is never easy to yield any degree of national sovereignty. Rivalries as ancient and deep-seated as that between France and Ger-

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

many die hard. The postwar revival of Germany, together with EDC provisions for German contingents in the European Army, arouse chronic French fears of a traditional enemy who continues to accelerate his superiority in productivity and potential military strength.

The old French desire for an unequivocal Anglo-American guarantee has flared anew. And as if twenty years were not far enough ahead in this tense and uncertain world, France wants to project that pledge over half a century. It would be difficult to understand this time, if this country were to refuse the guarantee which Clemenceau sought in vain some thirty years ago; with the Soviet Union in the background we can hardly be so impervious to the costly lessons of recent history.

Other items in the French quiver of EDC proposals appear less acceptable. Some sort of permanent claim to the Saar Basin serves as one example. Another, which is a reservation to the effect that French troops may be sent autonomously to North Africa and Indochina, amounts to a retention of national sovereignty resented by other EDC signatories. An international army which has certain national contingents free to go off on their own could hardly function as an effective fighting (or deterring) force.

A going international community will never result from any such halfway yielding of national sovereignties. In recent months the connection between the war in Indochina and the defense of Europe has been clearly recognized—and preeminently in France. That the projected international defense community should itself decide on the allocation of its forces is just good sense.

It is curious that these French misgivings, and German reaction to the protocols embodying them, should come to the fore at the very moment the coal-steel community of the six EDC nations is actually starting its historic operations. For without the necessary degree of political (and military) agreement among its components it cannot long survive.

The nations of the West are all in this together. American guarantees must be forthcoming, for defense of Western Europe without France is inconceivable. But other nations cannot be expected to go to unreasonable lengths to satisfy French fears.

NEXT WEEK

H. A. REINHOLD discusses Edmund W. Sinnott's *Two Roads to Truth.*

"In the name of the 'Great Tradition,' which Dean Sinnott defines as Liberalism—a solvent for orthodox crusts—the Dean appeals to all and sundry, starting with Western Christendom, to follow him on the adventurous roads toward truth. These roads are twain: reason and spirit. Anybody trained in traditional philosophy will rub his eyes, seeing this unusual distinction. But in spite of this rather odd terminology (and there is more loose vocabulary scattered all over the book) the Dean means discursive reason and his own version of intuition."

SAUCE FOR THE GOOSE

As he pledged himself to do in his State of the Union message, President Eisenhower is proceeding to eliminate controls with all possible speed. Although it is too early to be sure of the ultimate effect of this return to a market economy, most economists seem to think that there will be no immediate widespread increase in prices.

What remains to be seen, however, is the effect of action by the labor unions on such predictions. Most of the comment on President Eisenhower's action has taken the form of speculation about the prices of meat, bread, milk and other similar items. Not much attention has been paid to the fact that labor is also going to be once again operating in a free economy.

Labor has long been restive under wage controls. In the early days after Korea, the unions favored strong controls to check inflation. But as time wore on and price controls grew weaker and weaker, the unions became convinced that wages were slated to end up the only item under control. For this reason, some of the strongest pressure to end controls has in recent months come from labor.

Barring sharp increases in the cost of living, a major part of labor's case for wage increases in the months ahead will involve citation of statistics on increased productivity. Economists for the AFL, for example, assert that since 1949 productivity has increased twice as fast as real wages, and present indications are that the unions will press for wage increases on this basis.

Most employers have long been reluctant to grant wage increases on the basis of increased productivity. Aside from the difficulty of computing labor's exact share in such increases, it is hard to see why this reluctance should exist. It would seem that gains resulting from increased output per man hour should be split three ways, with the employer getting more profits, the worker higher wages and the consumer lower prices. Certainly denying produc-

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

tivity raises to workers does not seem to offer them much incentive for higher production.

Whether the Administration's intention to remove controls at this point is wise or not remains to be seen. Indirect controls on inflation look fine on paper; making them work in an economy where defense spending plays such a large role will take some doing. In any case, the unions are getting ready to press for higher wages, and if the nation is going to return to a free economy, labor cannot be blamed for taking the Administration at its word.

THE POPE AND THE ROSENBERGS

SHORTLY after the announcement that Pope Pius XII had "intervened" with the United States Government in behalf of Ethel and Julius Rosenberg, handbills were being distributed on the streets of New York. In bold type they proclaimed that because "His Holiness, Pope Pius XII" had pleaded for the condemned couple "President Eisenhower can and must reconsider his decision to execute" them.

The handbills were printed by the Joint Committee to Defend the Rosenbergs—a notorious Communist-front group. And though one might quarrel with their conclusion, there was no denying their facts. The Holy Father had indeed "intervened," even though only indirectly and unofficially, in this controversial and tragic case.

When Pius XII pleaded for the lives of certain convicted Nazi criminals after the war, he was denounced by the Left as a crypto-fascist. One wonders what he now seems to those elements on the Right who have made execution of the Rosenbergs an article of faith in their anti-Communist creed, who have indiscriminately denounced all who favor a commutation of the Rosenbergs' sentence as either Communist-motivated or Communist-duped. In view of the handbills, with their obvious association, it is perhaps well that Pius XII is beyond the reach of a certain type of "patriot." We can hear it now: "I have here in my hand . . . ."

The past and present interventions of the Pope are explained, of course, by the pre-eminent place which considerations of charity hold in his thoughts. In the case of both the condemned Nazi war criminals and the condemned Communist atom-spies the Pope was not concerned with the legal issues. These were the concern of the civil power, and the civil power had judged both cases according to scrupulous standards of legal justice. But when the State is moved by justice, it is the mission of the Church to remind men of mercy.

Such a mission is something which neither the extreme Right nor the extreme Left can easily understand or forgive, for, divided by their external hatred for each other, they are remarkably united in the wellsprings of their spirit. That spirit, basically totalitarian in its compulsions, is constitutionally hostile to considerations of charity, mercy, or enlightened prudence. It seems satisfied only when recrimination, suppression, and conformity are the enforced pattern of public life.

Part of the great tragedy of the Rosenberg case has been its cynical exploitation by Communist groups. But some men of good-will, men neither motivated nor duped by Communist polemic, and with no doubt of the Rosenbergs' guilt, have yet believed that in this instance the best interests of the United States would be served by commutation of the death sentence. They would deny the Communists their martyrs, and they have urged mercy in the name of prudence. The Pope has joined them in the name of charity. And even though these voices are "used" by the Left and misunderstood by the Right, it is still well that they are heard. They speak of things we must remember in this tortured tragedy of our time.

ASSAULT ON THE CHURCH

THE phrase we tend to use so glibly, "behind the Iron Curtain," probably fits no other country outside of Russia quite as aptly as it does Poland. Communication with the outside world is at a minimum, and those in the West can hear only an occasional echo of the battle raging within.

Poland is almost solidly Catholic, and the loyalty of its people to the Church shines through Poland's entire national history. For this reason, the Communists have moved much more cautiously against the Church in Poland than they have in other satellite countries. Nevertheless, the Vatican in 1950 reported that one thousand Polish priests had already been deported by the government and that hundreds more were in prison.

Typical of the kind of guerrilla warfare the government does not hesitate to wage against the Church is the fact that the newly created Cardinal Wyszynski did not dare go to Rome to receive his red hat, for fear the government would refuse him readmission. Even more serious is the recent Communist decree that all Church appointments must be approved by the government, from those of involving the selection of bishops to transfers of priests in the smallest country parish. If carried out, this order would mean a Communist stranglehold on Catholicism. Clearly, the future of the Church in Poland is a hard one.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

BACK-DOOR DIPLOMACY

A YEAR or so ago when there was debate about sending General Mark Clark as Ambassador to the Vatican, arguments against the move were hot and heavy. Among other things it was said by opponents of the move that with an American Ambassador in Rome, such a step was unnecessary. If there must be some liaison between Vatican City and the United States, it was argued, well, we have a man in Rome already and he can easily put through a telephone call.

Then, within the past few weeks, when Mrs. Clare Boothe Luce was named as Ambassador to Italy, there were grave doubts expressed in the same circles which last year were talking about the telephone call that perhaps when President Eisenhower named Mrs. Luce to the Roman post he was really sending her around to St. Peter's back door.

Protestants and Others United for Separation for Church and State, those trigger-happy guardians of religious liberty, were ready with a warning soon after the Luce appointment was announced. Let's not have any back-door diplomacy, they said; in other words, let's be sure that Ambassador Luce won't be picking up the telephone we heard so much about during the controversy over Mark Clark's nomination.

Then the Vatican spoke. The *Osservatore Romano* ran an article making it clear that the Holy See would be no more satisfied with back-door diplomacy than the POAU. The Vatican has an independent corps of diplomats representing countries of every religious persuasion and of none, and this arrangement is a "norm and a practice from which the Holy See has never departed and does not intend to depart."

Now we are right back where we started—except that attention has again been focused on a big gap in our national diplomacy; thanks to the POAU's concern, the subject of a Vatican Ambassador is in the news again.

The Catholic body in this country has been remarkably restrained on the matter. Last year, even after the most provoking assaults on the Church and the rawest innuendoes against Catholic citizens, there was no noisome Catholic pressure put on Congress to affirm President Truman's nomination of General Clark; there were no spiteful letter-writing campaigns, no Catholic mass-meetings, no public demonstrations. It seemed as if American Catholics are indifferent to the question, and, generally speaking, they are. There are good reasons why, as Catholics, they should be: the Church has little to gain from U.S. representation at the Vatican and something to lose from groups like the POAU which would exploit such an appointment for their own purposes.

But, as Americans, U.S. Catholics have reason to be interested. The nation which is the free world's leader in the fight against Communism clearly has something to gain from representation at the Holy See. The advantages would seem to be obvious. Certainly the Protestant and even non-Christian countries which maintain diplomatic relations with the Holy See do not do so because they are primarily interested in increasing the power of the Roman Catholic Church, or because they are thereby showing a preference for the Catholic Church above all others.

One might rather say that their decision to maintain relations is grounded in political realism. These nations accept the Church as a fact, whatever they think of it, a fact which simply cannot be ignored in the modern world. Especially do they recognize that the Church's role in the world, considered merely as a moral force with political consequences, is tremendous.

The Church chooses to deal with nations through the ancient diplomatic usages established at Vatican City. History has strengthened the claims of such a formalized, regularized procedure, from the Church's viewpoint, and it must have proved salutary for the nations, or they would not maintain relations. They are no more or less "Catholic" because they do.

The United States cannot afford to act as if the Vatican didn't exist; it is there and the U.S. is here, and that is a fact whether as Americans we look upon the Pope as a Holy Father or an unholy pretender. Contact between the United States and Vatican City is inevitable. Either it is carried on by a duly authorized diplomat, responsible to the President, or in a haphazard fashion by unauthorized persons accountable to no one.

Whenever this subject comes up, controversy is likely to slip into the most sterile kind of argumentation which relies chiefly on a highly doctrinaire approach—separation of Church and State, recognition of one religion over another, etc. The real point is that the Roman Catholic Church, take it or leave it, is unique; Vatican City is unique. The United States cannot ignore it and its influence even if it wanted to do so.

Liaison between Washington and Vatican City will either be official, regularized and efficient—or back-door, haphazard and bungling. Recognition of Vatican City as a political force will do no more than give frank official status to what now has unofficial recognition in every quarter. It will not be enough for Mrs. Luce to pick up the telephone. The Vatican is too old, too proud, too well established for that kind of back-door diplomacy. There will either be forthright diplomatic recognition or the present vacuum.

JOHN COGLEY.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

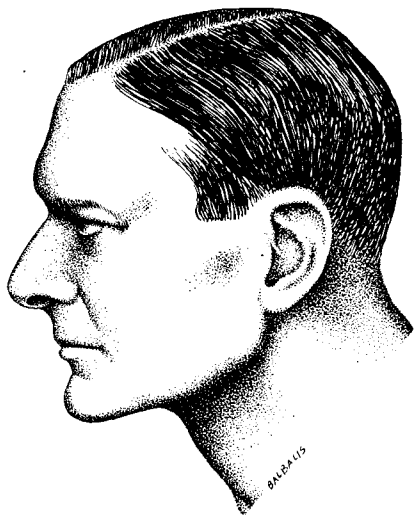
Eliot and His Critics

THE TEMPTATION TO EXPLORE HIS POETRY FOR REASONS NOT DIRECTLY CONNECTED WITH POETRY IS ALMOST IRRESISTIBLE

JOHN W. SIMONS

T. S. Eliot continues to display the most commanding talent in modern English poetry, without any sign of exhaustion or satiety, and nothing has been more characteristic of this talent than its capacity for finding a new voice for new modifications of sensibility. All the same, it is quite possible that Mr. Eliot, now in his sixty-fifth year, will not be spared for another major work.

The poetic distance from *Prufrock* to *Four Quartets* is very great; greater, even, than the distance backwards from *Prufrock* to the "Chinese wall" of Miltonic blank verse. Eliot's entire lifetime has been spent in the search of an idiom that would be at once his own and that of the quotidian world of English speech. His obscurity has never been obscurantism, but the inevitable result of an attempt to recall poetry to its pristine place of honor in the affairs of men. And it is impossible that poets writing fifty or a hundred years from now will be unaffected by Eliot's transactions with the English tongue.



Eliot the critic will perhaps not fare so well with posterity as Eliot the poet. More seminal than final, this part of his work has already engendered a body of criticism superior to itself. It is a criticism, however, which has always been in contact with his own practice of poetry, and such key expressions as "auditory imagination," "disassociation of sensibility," and "objective correlative" found their source in Eliot's actual problems of poetic communication.

Eliot's predilection for the metaphysical poets is accounted for by the fact that he considered them to have "a mechanism of sensibility which could devour every kind of experience." And he believed that after their time something happened which inflicted serious injury on English verse. "The language of poetry became more refined, while the feeling became more crude."

Father Simons teaches in the Department of Humanities at St. Charles Seminary and at Immaculata College.

Eliot's poetry has been in large measure an attempt to heal the breach between language and sensibility. He began and continued his labors in an epoch that was disenchanted and disenchanting, an epoch in which all values were overturned, or questioned, or ignored. "So here I am, in the middle way, having had twenty years—

Twenty years largely wasted, the years of *l'entre deux guerres*—
Trying to learn to use words, and every attempt
Is a wholly new start, and a different kind of failure . . .
There is only the fight to recover what has been lost
And found and lost again and again; and now, under conditions
That seem unpropitious . . . ."

("East Coker," *Four Quartets*)

Part of Eliot's importance is that in his search for the word he found the Word, that *Verbum incarnatum* whom he has called "the point of intersection between the temporal and the timeless." The search for a tradition led to the discovery of an orthodoxy. To say that this tradition and this orthodoxy seem peculiarly suited to the exigencies of Eliot's style and sensibility is to say that they are also suited to the exigencies of his reason and will.

The achievement of an orthodoxy uncongenial to the modern world has been a scandal to some of his admirers. Still, Eliot's best critics are at one in attesting to the integrity of his experience. Some critics accept the poetry and regret the orthodoxy; others accept both with equanimity or enthusiasm; while some others bewilderedly accept the poetry on the credentials of the orthodoxy.

It should no longer be necessary to insist that the authority of poetry is aesthetic rather than ideological. Eliot himself has insisted on the distinction, derived from Coleridge, between poetic and rational assent. Yet the temptation to explore poetry for reasons not

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

directly connected with the poetry is almost irresistible, and the ideas and beliefs of great poets exercise an understandable fascination. But if we indulge in this kind of exploration we must be careful not to confuse our responses. The doctrine of *hubris* is relevant to an understanding of Aeschylean drama; the doctrines of Epicurus are relevant to an understanding of Lucretius' *De Rerum Natura;* and the doctrine of the Incarnation is relevant to an understanding of Eliot's *Four Quartets*. But our acceptance or rejection of these doctrines ought not to interfere with our acceptance or rejection of the works which embody them.

It may not be altogether possible for the literary critic to sustain in his practical criticism that "purity of interest" which Dr. Leavis makes mandatory. I cannot, for instance, believe that Leavis' quarrel with Eliot over the significance of D. H. Lawrence is a purely literary one. At bottom it seems rather a quarrel over Lawrence's "message," and in that quarrel Leavis indicates a secularist and naturalist bias. And Miss Helen Gardner, one of Eliot's most luminous critics, tends at times to circumvent or anticipate, rather than explicate, the text. I think it must be admitted, nonetheless, that the critics who adhere to Dr. Leavis' ideal are the critics most to be trusted. The example of Leavis in England and of Blackmur in America is reassuring.

ALL of this has been by way of introduction to an approach to Eliot which I consider mischievous and self-deluding. Much as I admire his poetry and in spite of the fact that I share many of his beliefs, I naturally, as a Roman Catholic, must find certain of his positions untenable. His notion of tradition, especially as expounded in his Barbour Lectures at the University of Virginia in 1933, seems to me quite parochial. In speaking of the stability which he considers necessary to a tradition he states that "reasons of race and religion combine to make any large number of free-thinking Jews undesirable." Is it because they are "free-thinking" or because they are "Jews" that he would reject them? He insists on a "unity of religious background" and deprecates "a spirit of excessive tolerance." Such a notion of tradition does not tally with American democratic experience or ideals, and it is small wonder that many Americans should be exasperated by this scant regard for minorities.

Allegiance to a homogeneous culture group was for Eliot a temperamental necessity. And the relation between tradition and orthodoxy almost made it inevitable that he should find solace in an orthodoxy closely related to an established literary tradition. Eliot's remarks on Hooker and Andrewes are to the point. "The intellectual achievement and prose style of Hooker and Andrewes came to complete the structure of the English Church. . . . The achievement of Hooker and Andrewes was to make the English Church more worthy of intellectual assent. No religion can survive the judgment of history unless the best minds have collaborated in its construction; if the Church of Elizabeth is worthy of the age of Shakespeare and Jonson, that is because of the work of Hooker and Andrewes."

It is bound to seem strange to the Catholic that the claims of true religion should be so intimately related to a literary achievement. St. Augustine boggled at reading the Scriptures because of their crude Latinity, but he recognized that the claims of truth transcended its literary expression. In any case, Hooker's attempt to justify the Tudor constitution is not intellectually impressive. If it impressed Eliot, that, of course, is his own affair, and we remain free to dissent.

I mention these things only because some American Catholics have uncritically accepted Eliot as an ally and have exploited the poetry almost as if it were a tract. The poetry is there and has its own marvelous validity, and the beliefs which have entered into its texture are of supreme relevance both for Eliot as an individual and for an understanding of the verse. If we continue to treat it as an orthodox restatement of Catholic doctrine we shall, on the one hand, alienate democratic social philosophers from the serious examination of the larger claims of Catholicism. And if Catholic critics persist in subjugating literary criticism to nonliterary ends they will earn the contempt of their more conscientious colleagues.

IN America there seems to be a special temptation to require of poets more than they can give. It was Emerson more than anyone else who achieved the transfer of the hieratic from religion to letters, from the altar to the lyceum. That is perhaps why so many in our country, recognizing in *The Waste Land* the evocation of their own disillusionment, came to look upon Eliot as a false seer when he did not escort them to some sublunary utopia.

If we do remain content with what Eliot has given us, the reward will be great indeed, as evidenced in his recently published *Complete Poems and Plays**. He, together with Yeats, redeemed English poetry in the first half of the twentieth century. But the achievement of Yeats, splendid though it has been, was a personal and private achievement. If Eliot's style is inimitable, it is also viable; that is to say, it is the medium through which other poets renew themselves. When Auden ran to his Oxford tutor to announce that Eliot was henceforth to be his model in verse composition, he attested to the advent of a new dispensation. Our poetry no longer dwells in hypnotic dalliance on Calypso's isle.

*"The Complete Poems and Plays of T. S. Eliot," Harcourt, Brace, $6.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

FROM ENGLAND

British-African Tangle

A HANDBOOK currently in use for African trade union organizers notes that one way of enforcing membership is to cut off reluctant joiners' ears. This, however, it adds, though simple and effective is illegal. The story is still good for a laugh in an industrial relations lecture. But since Mau-Mau the laugh is not quite so hearty. *Punch's* political cartoon a few weeks ago showed a map of Africa with a knife through the heart of Kenya, a pair of handcuffs dangling from round Pretoria, and a great question-mark over the three Central African territories (Northern and Southern Rhodesia and Nyasaland) now on their way to federation. It might have added an advanced eclipse of the Union Jack over the Sudan.

Of these territories, it is Kenya and Central Africa which constitute the most worrying problem for Britain. We do not, certainly, feel happy about the conditions on which agreement with Egypt has lately been reached over the Sudan. The hard British core of the Civil Service seems likely to dissolve too fast, the association of the Sudan with the British Commonwealth to be too sharply broken, and the primitive Southern Sudan to become too happy a hunting-ground for Northern politicians.

But most of us, if we think about this problem at all—and to the general public the Sudan is not, very much not, the most urgent African problem—feel that the time has come for a clean cut. There are moments, as at the time of the parting with India, when the best must no longer be allowed to stand in the way of the good. The Sudan's problems are passing out of our control.

Nor, much as we dislike it, do we control South African policy. There are those who think that we should not merely disapprove of Malanism but organize active opposition to it. Christian Action, which has the official backing of all denominations in Britain, including the Catholic Church, has set up a fund to help black South Africans arrested or fined for "non-violent" resistance to race discrimination. But Canon Collins of St. Paul's Cathedral, the founder and chairman of Christian Action, is a man of deeds, not contemplation. The results are often effective as well as picturesque. A clothing collection last Christmas yielded the usual collection of white elephants and worn-out odds and ends. Dangling an ancient, undarned, and unwashed sock from the Cathedral pulpit, the Canon asked his congregation how they would like that off a Christmas tree themselves?

But South Africa is a case where most people feel that dynamism must yield to discretion. The response to the fund has been small. For better or for worse, Britain has exactly as much legal authority over race relations in South Africa as over those of the State of Alabama. That is no reason for concealing what most of us, irrespective of party, think about Dr. Malan's benighted backvelders.

It is an excellent reason for recognizing that South Africa's problems must be solved by South Africans, and that this will not be helped by outside encouragement of political strikes and organized contempt of the law. Non-violence may or may not be justified in South Africa. But that must be judged by those on whom the ultimate responsibility for South African problems falls.

YET we have, and cannot deny, the responsibility for Kenya and the proposed federation of Central Africa. We are taking it seriously enough to provide, for the first time in quite a few years, what looks like a genuine and live issue between Left and Right. According to the Tory *Daily Telegraph,* federation in Central Africa depends on the decision of the Southern Rhodesian settlers; which, it says, on Heaven knows what evidence, we are "constitutionally bound" to accept. African opposition is due to intimidation, deception, and irrational suspicion, and we are not in any case required to take it seriously. We are trustees for African interests, and must act on our own judgment whatever Africans themselves may think.

The *Telegraph* does not want simply to throw the reins to the white settlers, as the settlers themselves have asked. Since the settlers are so few, British troops are still essential. It is the white Africans who have all the paper's sympathy. One searches its leader page in vain for any real understanding of the black majority's case.

Left-wing comment has on the whole been better balanced, recognizing the vital contribution to Central Africa not only of the imported white civil servant or technician, but also of the business man, craftsman, farmer, or politician who has made his home in the country. Often quoted figures for Kenya show that twelve thousand square miles of European land yield ten million pounds worth of produce, whereas fifty-two thousand miles of African land yield only three and a half million pounds sterling; and this is not merely because Europeans possess much of the naturally best land.

But the Left does also tend to insist on the solid grounds for black African suspicion. The color bar

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

operates in shops, hotels, and even in sports arenas. In many areas and trades Africans' advancement to skilled jobs is still banned. Europeans dominate the "unofficial" representation in local legislatures. It is not surprising that black Africans are reluctant to see their white brethren's supremacy consolidated as firmly throughout all Central Africa as it is today in near-independent Southern Rhodesia.

Liberals and Labor are agreed that, if there is to be a Central African federation with something like Dominion status—and that is what the present discussions in London amount to—it must come only with black African consent. The white settlers get their due share of left-wing sympathy in the face of Mau-Mau outrages. Yet it is precisely the existence of a settled white minority, and a far smaller one than in South Africa, which is seen as constituting Central Africa's most difficult problem.

BOTH approaches, as usual, have something to be said for them. It is obvious, as the *New Statesman* says, that Kenya can never in the long run be even materially prosperous so long as every European carries a gun and every African conceals a *panga*. Mere repression will not do. Neither, as many on the Left insist, will merely material advancement.

The European miners' union in the Northern Rhodesian copper belt is backing the African union's claim for substantial wage increases; for the alternative is to let Africans learn the higher skilled and better paid jobs. The African leaders, naturally, are busy counting the teeth in this gift horse's mouth. Status counts more than cash.

It is quite true that Africans, at their present stage of culture (and of malignant malnutrition), find it hard to reach European standards of efficiency and responsibility. Still a study in the Dunlop works at Durban shows that the difference is not necessarily great. Long-service Africans, with good initial selection and training, reached eighty-five per cent of European productivity on mass-production jobs. The same study indicated that ordinary migrant African labor reached only twenty-nine per cent.

The difference, as the late Director of the (British) Institute of Personnel Management, with a bluntness unusual in that tactful profession, points out in a report on the Nairobi railway shops, has nothing to do with the ability of African to learn. It relates to the ability and willingness of European managers to manage men of an alien culture, of European and Asian craftsmen to teach competitors for their jobs, and of European governments to keep control of a situation in which the old tribal and cultural customs are collapsing and have as yet been only partially replaced by adequate substitutes.

Black Africans can hardly be blamed if they refuse to rest content until their industrial abilities are fairly used. Nor, on the political side, have they any reason to be satisfied until they achieve at least that equality with Europeans in local legislative bodies—with or without Asians as a third force—which they have already been granted in Tanganyika.

ON the other hand, there is much in the Conservative case. The Colonial Office is not above hiring a witch-doctor of two to help a territory's government. The press records new heights of inter-denominational cooperation, with photographs on opposite pages of Catholic priests and witch-doctors patriotically cleansing their respective flocks from the Mau-Mau oath.

Labor is as clear as the Conservatives, however, that government by witch-doctors must be smashed before British rule can end. Central African federation was taken up first by Labor ministers, not by the Conservatives, and for very good reasons. Hydro-electric, railway, and many other forms of capital development will be seriously hampered without it. In the European coal-steel community a supra-national political authority has proven necessary to control the super-technocracy of M. Jean Monnet. The lesson applies also to Africa.

There is nothing petty or ignoble in the vision of a Central African state based on the willing cooperation of white, brown, and black, all entitled to claim with justice that Africa is their native land; a greater achievement, and more significant for the world, than that of either black Nigeria or white-controlled South Africa. Black nationalism is no prettier, nor more constructive, than white. And we cannot deny that either we are trustees for black Africa, bound to act in our wards' interests even against their wishes, or else we, as apart from the white settlers, have no business in Central Africa at all.

It is also true that once there is any substantial number of civilized men of any race or color in a country—settled, native men, not temporary residents—it is difficult in the modern world to refuse them self-government; and especially so in the British Commonwealth.

The first draft of a Central African constitution proposed that black African interests be safeguarded by a Board outside the federal parliament's control. The constitutional experts, looking back over Commonwealth history, doubted whether such a Board would work for long. With the help of pressure from the settlers, the proposal has been dropped. Black Africans, and liberals generally, very naturally object. But the experts are probably right.

There have been hints in Kenya and Rhodesia of a Boston Tea Party, though not even white Rhodesians

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

today demand that short way with natives which so simplified the rise of white self-government on the North American continent. "Apartheid," I was once reminded by an Afrikaner, is Dutch for Indian reserves. There are important liberal elements among white Central Africans, including notably Mr. Michael Blundell, the leader of the "unofficial" Europeans in the Kenya Legislative Council. It is a fact that black Africans have progressed farthest where African problems have been left to Africans to solve: whether black, as in the West, or white, as in the South. Colonial Office rule, for all its excellent intentions, tends to move too slowly.

TO escape from all this tangle seems to require three steps. The first is to admit that, once the desire for self-government has been aroused—it may well be that the Belgian Congo, for example, has not yet advanced so far—African problems must as quickly as possible be left to Africans. There must be enough European, Asian, and black African leaders available to represent the interests of each race competently. The units of government must be of a size and shape which permit reasonable efficiency. Once these conditions are fulfilled, the time for a transfer is at hand. Concretely, this means that the time has come to give Kenyans, and the peoples of a federal Central Africa, as much responsibility for their own affairs as is now enjoyed by the white population of Southern Rhodesia. There are not many qualified black leaders in central Africa. But there would seem to be enough.

Secondly, however, the different races must have a fair start. Constitutions must guarantee to black Africans a representation at least equal to that of Europeans, and perhaps to that of Europeans and Asians together.

Thirdly, we in Britain have to take our trusteeship more seriously for its few remaining years. It may not be pleasant. We have to impose central African federation, which is opposed by black Africans, along with fair representation for all races, which will get no gratitude from the whites.

We have also to spend our own time and money more freely to develop East and Central Africa, fast enough to satisfy both white Africans (who look to the self-governing South) and black Africans (who look to the self-governing West) that colonial rule is worthwhile. This means more capital for development.

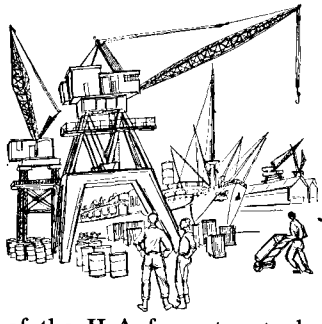
It also, and above all, means far greater support for the missions, the African universities, and such bodies as the World Assembly of Youth; the bodies which, each in its own way and at its own level, are building the African or other culture without which no territory has any future that bears thinking about at all.

MICHAEL P. FOGARTY.

A Delayed Hotfoot for Joe Ryan

GENE Sampson told me once, "Don't sell Joe Ryan short. He's a cutie."

It turned out that Sampson himself was cuter than any of us supposed. He denies that it was more than "Christmas parties for the kids," but longshore employers have testified that they gave Sampson several thousand dollars in gifts and/or bribes. Since Sampson was the principal leader of the opposition to Joe Ryan in the International Longshoremen's Association, this testimony was pretty discouraging evidence that corruption infested the whole structure of the ILA from top to bottom.



Of Ryan's overpowering cuteness, however, there can be no doubt whatever. On the last climactic day of the New York Crime Commission's inquiry, Ryan arrived to testify, smiling broadly and singing "When Irish Eyes Are Smiling" with all the innocence of a newborn child.

A few days later a blockbuster hit Joe and he scarcely shivered. It was an order from the executive council of the AFL, moving into action at last, which gave the ILA until April 30th to clean house.

The reporters asked Ryan to comment on this order. At the time he was leaving the office of the District Attorney of New York City where he had been called to testify before the grand jury. He refused to sign a waiver of immunity and therefore was not allowed to testify. (This means that Ryan would testify only on the condition that he himself would be immune from prosecution for anything that he said.)

Fresh from this ambiguous action, Ryan faced the reporters with all his old self-righteousness intact. Of the AFL's ultimatum to clean house he said simply, "That's what we've been trying to do for the past year." And he added with quiet satisfaction that he thought his union was "pretty well cleaned up now."

What magnificent gall! Either Joe didn't realize it or he was making a gorgeous pretense, but the order means that the AFL will yank the ILA charter unless Ryan himself is removed.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The order says, "reported practices of international and local union officers accepting gifts and bribes from employers and the appointment of representatives with criminal records is denounced and those persons guilty of these practices must be removed from office and eliminated from your organization."

The AFL order also says, "union representatives with criminal records cannot be tolerated in any official capacity and they must be immediately removed from all positions of authority within your organization.

"Recognized democratic procedures of the AFL must be put into operation in your local unions so that members who work on the waterfronts will be able to select true and capable trade union leaders who will serve the best interests of the AFL and be free from the taint of crime and racketeering.

"The so-called shape-up, which encourages the kickbacks and other objectionable practices, must be supplanted by a system of regular employment and legitimate hiring methods, and we request that you immediately take vigorous and effective action to institute this reform."

The reports from Miami, where the AFL executive council has been meeting, indicate that the council means business. And further reports indicate that most of the members of the council have few illusions that Ryan and the ILA will be either able or willing to satisfy the required conditions by April 30th or any other date in the future. The reports are that they are resigned to having to lift the charter and set up a new union.

If that is so, and that is what is going to happen, then it seems to me that this is a spot in which the CIO should make a public announcement that it will keep hands off and give every support to organization of an honest, democratic AFL union on the docks. For there is no doubt that Harry Bridges will be on the scene, either in person or by proxy, determined to extend the jurisdiction of the Communist Party from the West Coast to the East Coast waterfront. It is essential that the decent elements should not be split between the AFL and CIO. Such a split would almost insure a victory for either the mobs or the Communists.

For this AFL ultimatum is manna from heaven. Few of us who have sweated and sworn and prayed over the longshore problem for the last fifteen years looked for a solution from that quarter. Now it has come, and it has come in a stronger and better form than we ever dared hope. Even the shape-up has been condemned. It would be tragic if victory, so close, were now to be lost in a scramble between the AFL and CIO.

I assume of course that Joe Ryan will make at least one last try to kid the executive council that his hands are as clean as Dick Tracy's. Knowing Joe, I can testify that this is a horrible but possible development.

It was interesting to note the conduct of the old master before the Crime Commission. Hardly once did his self-assurance falter. Not when he admitted that he had taken $241,097 out of the union treasury over the past five years, of which only $115,000 was salary. Not when he confessed that he had appointed several ex-convicts as ILA organizers (he said he was totally unaware of their records). Not when he admitted telling the District Attorney that there would be a strike on the waterfront if the DA didn't stop questioning ILA officials about the murder of Tom Collentine in 1948. (Collentine was a hiring boss who stood in the way of the Bowers mob and was shot in the back as he walked between two friends one morning on the way to work. The murder is still unsolved, but if the Bowers mob didn't do it, then two plus two don't equal four. Incidentally, Ryan appointed Mickey Bowers' cousin as an ILA organizer and made his stooge, Packy Connolly, his own executive vice-president.)

Nor did Joe lose his aplomb when he admitted setting his nephew up with one hundred dollars a week plus twenty-six thousand more over three years in cuts from shakedown advertising in the ILA newspaper.

THE money Joe took from the employers was easily explained, even if some of them insisted in making the checks out to fictitious names and slipping them to Joe when nobody was around. There was nothing to be ashamed of. All this dough was for a secret fund to fight Communism. Everybody knows that fighting Communism has to be on a strictly hush-hush basis.

Theodore Kiendl, special counsel for the commission, asked Joe about expenditures from this fund which seemed to bear little relation to fighting Communism, such as $460 for a cruise to Guatemala, $478 to bury his sister-in-law, $1,332 in golf club dues and charges, $220 for the purchase of shirts, and additional sums to pay taxes on his real estate and take convention delegates to the Stork Club.

Joe's answer was a classic: "Mr. Kiendl, may I say this? At times the international treasury is very low due to the fact that nobody pays more than $3.00 dues, and no assessment. [This is $3.00 a month, which is a substantial dues payment—JCC]. In these troubled times we're out fighting these Commies. We had to take money from the international treasury and then I had to pay some of those expenses at the international treasury, like the trip to Guatemala, as you say, where I was reimbursing the international treasury for money we had taken out at a particular time."

Get it? The man is as clean as a whistle. The international owed him money because they had spent so much time fighting Communism that he had to dip into his own pocket. Then he took this trip to Guatemala and instead of repaying himself for the money owed

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Spring Books from McKay

CHRISTIAN ETHICS

By DIETRICH VON HILDEBRAND. Long awaited and important work on the nature of morality, by author of *Transformation in Christ, Fundamental Moral Attitudes, Marriage,* etc. $6.00

THE EUCHARIST

By FRANCOIS MAURIAC. Reissue of Nobel Prize winner's beautiful meditations on the Sacrament of Love. $2.00

BARBE ACARIE—Wife And Mystic

By LANCELOT C. SHEPPARD. Biography of a great woman of the 16th century who reached sanctity as wife and mother and introduced into France the Carmelite Reform of St. Teresa of Avila. $3.50

The Living Thoughts of CARDINAL NEWMAN

Presented by HENRY TRISTRAM of the Oratory. Passages from a wide range of Newman's writings—his great treatises, sermons, letters, and poetry. $2.50

THE SHEPHERD AND HIS FLOCK

By the RT. REV. MONSIGNOR CORNELIUS J. HOLLAND. Wise and inspiring counsels on the practical aspects of parochial administration. With a preface by the Most Reverend Russell J. McVinney, Bishop of Providence. *Coming March* $3.00

TO SEE PETER

By RICHARD BAUMANN. Translated by Rev. John M. Oesterreicher. Interest in the ecumenical movement led this Lutheran pastor to undertake a journey to Rome. His impressions are interspersed with discussions in irenic spirit of the doctrines and practices that divide Catholics and Protestants. *Coming April* $3.00

OUT OF NAZARETH

By NEIL KEVIN. Twenty Gospel incidents in beautiful prose stressing the human reactions of those present at the time of which the Evangelists wrote.—A Choice of the Spiritual Book Associates. *Coming April* $2.75

MY ROAD TO CERTAINTY

By WILLIAM C. KERNAN. Autobiography of an Episcopalian minister, a fighter for civic and religious causes, and of the struggle for religious certainty that led him to resign his position to become a Catholic. *Coming May* $3.00

On Sale at Your Local Bookstore

David McKay Company, Inc.

225 Park Avenue, New York 17, N. Y.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

and paying for the trip out of that, he just charged the trip directly to the international. What could be more natural?

Or did he? From the doubletalk above almost any interpretation is possible.

The day before Ryan appeared our old friend William J. (Mr. Big) McCormack testified. Also Ryan's old and good friend. Also, like Ryan, a pillar of his church, a Catholic church. Unlike Ryan, a Knight of Malta. The Commission accused him of extorting $81,500 from Tex Rickard at the time of the Dempsey-Firpo fight in his capacity as boxing commissioner.

Mr. McCormack denied it. In fact, he chuckled and remarked, "It makes me laugh." Unfortunately for him the laugh was a short one. The next day a former city magistrate named Francis X. McQuade appeared and testified that he himself had forced McCormack to return the money, in eighty one thousand dollar bills and one five hundred dollar bill. Somebody was lying.

Mr. McCormack did, however, admit that his various companies had made payments of $984,908 over the past five years for which no vouchers are available. He denied that he had ordered company records destroyed by two employees who have since disappeared.

This may be so. But we can still hope that the AFL executive council, and the people who are responsible for selecting Knights of Malta, will prove a little more difficult to persuade in the future.

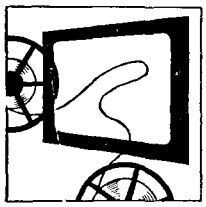
This may be goodbye, Joe. I can't honestly say that it was fun knowing you, but it was certainly educational.

JOHN C. CORT.

THE SCREEN

"BE JUST AND FEAR NOT"

SINCE I had just finished jury duty in New York's Criminal Court when I went to the preview of "Justice Is Done," I was spellbound from beginning to end of this film about a trial. Among this French picture's many unusual features that make it so compelling is the fact that its central character is not the woman who is on trial for murder, nor her victim whom we never see at all—but the jury-members who have to decide this woman's fate.



In France, the jury's decision does not have to be unanimous. "Justice Is Done" is trying to say that each juror's vote is determined by his personality, his experiences, his attitudes toward life. With this idea, anyone who has ever served on a jury can hardly have much argument. Unfortunately Andre Cayatte and Charles Spaak, who wrote the original story for this film (Spaak also wrote the dialogue; the helpful English subtitles are by Herman Weinberg), thought it necessary to give each juror an emotionally involved background.

Only one of the seven is not weighted down by personal affairs, but even he gets involved when he becomes attracted to the only woman juror on the list. She, in turn, excellently played by Valentine Tessier, is on the verge of falling for a young man at her hotel, who turns out to be a witness in the case, the current lover of the woman on trial. Another juror, a potato farmer, is worried about his crops and his lazy farm-hand who is dallying with the farmer's wife. And another juror, about to marry an heiress, is being pursued by his ex-mistress. And another, an opinionated martinet, is concerned over his daughter's unhappy love affair. And so on.

So these seven people whose stories we get bit by bit are expected to forget their personal problems and sit in judgment on a woman who admits committing euthanasia. And even her story is involved—in that she and her former lover who had cancer made an agreement whereby she promised to end his agony when he was dying and his pain got too great.

What is really remarkable about "Justice Is Done" is that although its script is contrived and much too crowded with melodramatic incident, the total effect is not melodramatic. Director Andre Cayatte has handled the unusually complicated plot with emphasis on understanding of people's motives, but it is unlikely that any jury of seven would have such soul-searching problems of their own at the very time they had to unravel the extremely difficult murder case set before them and then decide this woman's degree of guilt. Claude Nollier's performance as the accused is outstanding. Even while she is boldly defending her actions the film keeps reminding us that mercy killing is still killing.

In spite of the fact that "Justice Is Done" is well acted by its large cast and so skillfully directed that all the various tags of its story add up to a unified whole, it is not a great motion picture. It has understanding without heart. It has depth without universality. What it does do is make its viewers think. Each will approach its ticklish subject matter, like the jurors, with his own background, education and feelings. Obviously "Justice Is Done" is only for adult thinkers.

A provocative film like "Justice Is Done" makes the new Hollywood offerings seem pretty skimpy. Even without comparisons, "Thunder in the East" is a deplorable waste of talent. Attempting to tell the story of a group of Englishmen trapped in India in 1947 be-

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

tween a maharajah and natives who hope to take over his village, it becomes a jumble of bravado and character types. Alan Ladd, as a tough, materialistic American torn between love for blind Deborah Kerr and the money his guns would bring, finally convinces Charles Boyer (looking remarkably like Nehru) that pacificism is all wet. Ladd won't convince you of anything except that some movies aren't even good time-killers.

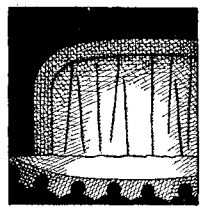
FOR those who like their pictures light, pleasant and relaxing, "Taxi" provides enjoyable entertainment. It has some beautiful shots of New York City as taxi-driver Dan Dailey conducts Irish-immigrant Constance Smith all over town on a search for her husband. And it has a nice open-air feeling in spite of the fact that Dan is pretty grouchy and Constance is pretty worried. Director Gregory Ratoff's purpose was not to give us weighty drama, but he does succeed in making us like some city folk (including Dan's determined mother, played by Blanche Yurka) and the city that reputedly has a heart as well as canyons of stone. He also uses a statue of St. Anthony in the trickiest plot device that's been thought up in a long time. "Taxi" probably won't make you move to New York, but it will make you feel a little warmer about the place.

PHILIP T. HARTUNG.

THE STAGE

LOVE'S LABOUR'S LOST

THERE is a special charm, as Miss Mary McCarthy observed in a newspaper essay preceding last week's presentation of "Love's Labour's Lost," in having some of Shakespeare's plays

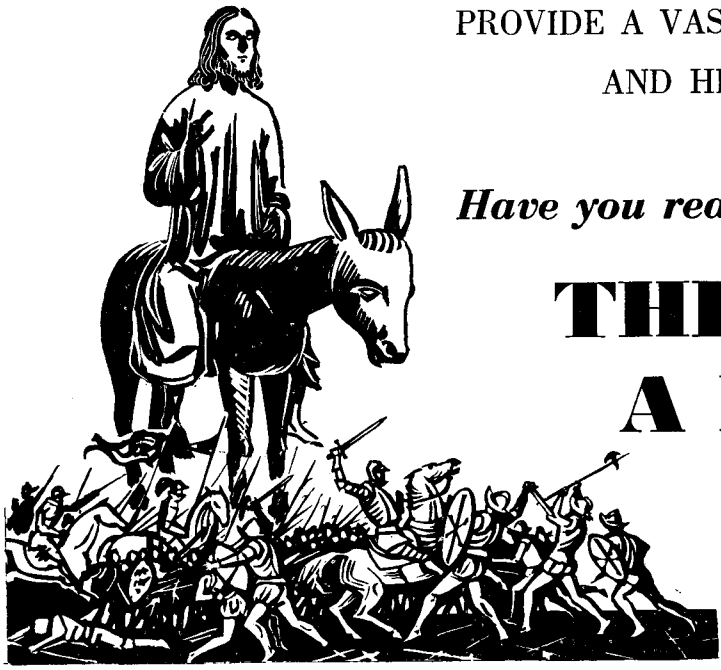


come to us fresh, with the dew still on them. We do not return again to "Hamlet" or "Macbeth" or "Othello" for pleasure and instruction; at worst, our response to them is "official;" at best, they are our old wounds, scarred by time and thickened with new tissue, but marking inescapably some central crises of our humanity and our spirit. "Love's Labour's Lost" would claim admission to no such company; what it suggests rather (again I am indebted to Miss McCarthy) is a concert of lutes and virginals, or perhaps one of the Mozart operas. There is the same slender structure of artifice, the same tenderness and lyric sensibility, all enclosed by a net of irridescent wit and clarity.

Yet it is a play which moves, almost against its will, into greatness. The youthful King of Navarre has

"THIS OUTSTANDING ACHIEVEMENT IS LIVING PROOF OF THE POWER OF THE CREATIVE ARTS, UNDER GOD, TO PROVIDE A VAST AUDIENCE WITH INSPIRATION AND HIGH QUALITY ENTERTAINMENT."

—CHRISTOPHER AWARD, *Jan. 1953*



Have you read this inspiring best seller

THE MAN ON A DONKEY

By H. F. M. PRESCOTT

$5.00 at all bookstores

The Macmillan Company

60 FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK 11

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

sought to make of his court, for a period of three years, a little academe, a shrine to knowledge, in which the natural pleasures are subdued, and the sight of women is denied. His scheme is immediately outraged by the arrival of the French Princess and her attendants, instruments dispatched by Nature to humble the young monarch's presumption. Shakespeare takes us through the expected burgeoning of love, while filling in the texture of the play with some of his most richly observed comedy. But then, as the lovers have capitulated to each other, and the froth of their happiness makes the stage heady with delight, the scene suddenly turns wintry and desolate. The eccentric Armando takes on pathos; the Princess receives news of her father's death; the clowns withdraw slowly into the distance.

Not love is lost but youth; time sends a chill breath through the forest, and we know that the joyful heart is not the honest one. "The words of Mercury are harsh after the songs of Apollo."

Mr. Albert Marre, a gentleman from the Cambridge Brattle Theatre who directed this production, managed these difficult transitions with a ravishing delicacy and art. I cannot think that I have seen anything more distinguished dramatically than the adroit adjustments of tone and tempo, the exquisite alterations of light and shadow, which marked Mr. Marre's handling of this last act. Equally imaginative was his decision to transpose the play into the visual terms of Edwardian England. It could have been merely an eccentric conceit, but these blazers and riding habits, these Shakespearean ladies who came into view in a Stanley Steamer and surreptitiously drew cigarettes out of their sleeves, lent a charming substance of wit to some of the comedy's more remote and archaic passages.

"Love's Labour's Lost" was not, however, quite so felicitous in its performance. Mr. Marre has gathered a talented ensemble, but the evening often found them at dramatic cross-purposes, and the first act, especially, rang noisily with angry stylistic disputes. Kevin McCarthy, for instance, is one of the more interesting young actors, but he has not yet mastered the techniques of Shakespearean speech, and Meg Mundy tended to substitute archness and a volatile play of eyes and teeth for a genuine portrait of romantic charm. But Joseph Schildkraut was most moving as the melancholy Armando, and Philip Bourneuf and Hurd Hatfield, as two satiric pedants, made something delicious out of what might easily have proved intractable material.

One final note: it is surely ungracious to dispute with one's betters, yet there did seem to me something sullen and vengeful in the disappointing critical response to this so rarely produced comedy. To Mr. Marre and his company, the words of Mercury must

Completion of

PASTOR'S HISTORY OF THE POPES

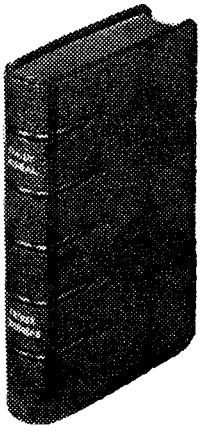
(1305-1799)

The publication of Volume 40 marks the completion of a work which is truly a masterpiece of modern historical writing. The work has been hailed by critics as a "literary St. Peter's Basilica," and it has been said of the author that "it is not likely that we shall see another historian who will reveal to the world the universal history of the papacy with the heroic self-discipline, the colossal erudition, and the wide and profound knowledge of sources that characterized Dr. von Pastor."

Volumes 1-34, $5.00 each.
Volumes 35-40, $7.50 each. Set price $200.00.

B. HERDER BOOK CO.
15 & 17 So. Broadway, St. Louis 2, Mo.

The Catholic Book for Every Day in the Year



The New

Marian Missal

For Daily Mass

by

Rev. Sylvester P. Juergens, S.M., S.T.D.

LARGE TYPE **EASY TO USE** **EASY TO CARRY**

Added Features

- A large selection of favorite prayers and devotions makes this a Missal and Prayerbook combined.
- Many epistles, gospels and prayers are repeated in full, making it easier to follow the mass.

A VARIETY OF BEAUTIFUL BINDINGS FROM $2.75 to $12.00

At Your Local Church Goods Dealer

FOR NAME OF NEAREST SUPPLIER:

THE REGINA PRESS

54 Park Place **New York 7, N. Y.**

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

have been harsh indeed, after so much admirable effort; yet I should like to assure them that for this observer, and whatever of the audience fell within his view, the songs of Apollo proved immensely sweet and beguiling. (*Closed at the City Center.*)

TOUCHSTONE

MR. William Stucky chose to write about a Negro boy's visions, and their effect on the small Southern community in which he lived. Mr. Stucky nothing common did, or mean, on this theme, but all his good intentions could not keep "Touchstone" from being one of the most aggressively obtuse and irritating plays within memory. (*Closed at the Music Box.*)

RICHARD HAYES.

Catholic Books

THE following titles of the past six months have been selected from the publishers' own designations of their important Catholic books.

Essays on Church and State. Lord Acton. Viking. $6.

St. Francis Xavier. James Brodrick. Wicklow Press (New York). $5.

Steward of Souls. S.M.C. Longmans. $2.75.

St. Vincent de Paul. Jean Calvet. McKay. $5.

The Catholic Digest Reader. Doubleday. $3.95.

Hadrian The Seventh. Frederick Baron Corvo. Knopf. $3.50.

Life of James Cardinal Gibbons. John Tracy Ellis. Bruce. $17.50.

Life Everlasting. R. Garrigou-Lagrange. Herder. $4.50.

God's Wayfarer. Irina Gorianoff. Coward-McCann. $2.50.

The Faith and Modern Man. Romano Guardini. Pantheon. $3.50.

Of Sacraments and Sacrifice. Clifford Howell. Liturgical Press (Collegeville, Minnesota). $2.50.

Christian Ethics. Dietrich von Hildebrand. McKay. $6.

The Wisdom of Faith. Charles Journet. Newman. $4.25.

Saints for Now. Edited by Clare Boothe Luce. Sheed & Ward. $3.50.

Father Hecker and His Friends. Joseph McSorley. Herder. $3.95.

The Range of Reason. Jacques Maritain. Scribner's. $3.50.

Christ—the Ideal of the Priest. Dom Columba Marmion. Herder. $4.50.

LONGMANS

Books for Lent

WE SAW HER

The Story of St. Bernadette of Lourdes

By B. G. SANDHURST

This is the first book about Bernadette Soubirous and about Lourdes to assemble together in English the eye-witness accounts of the men and women who knelt beside her in the grotto on the fifteen days of vision, saw her transfigured with joy and watched spellbound those long conversations interspersed by prayer, laughter and tears. The story that is told here is an amazing one of courage and humility in the face of persecution and ridicule; and these qualities did not desert St. Bernadette when the tide began to turn in her favor. *Illustrated.* $3.00

THE PAIN OF THIS WORLD

And the Providence of God

By REV. M. C. D'ARCY, S. J.

Now back in print, this famous study of evil in the world tries to reconcile the existence of a God who is said to be wisdom and love itself, with the ugliness and suffering of life. Written in dialogue, the problem is discussed by a philosopher, an agnostic, a mystic, an artist and a priest. $2.00

LIFE AND LETTERS OF JANET ERSKINE STUART

By MAUD MONAHAN

A reprint of the famous word portrait of the vital Scottish woman who became Superior General of a world-wide institution—The Society of the Sacred Heart. $5.00

At all bookstores

LONGMANS, GREEN & COMPANY
55 Fifth Avenue, New York 3, N. Y.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Catholic Mind Through Fifty Years. Edited by Benjamin L. Masse, S. J. America Press. $5.

The Catholic Way. Theodore Maynard. Appleton-Century-Crofts. $3.50.

The Sign of Jonas. Thomas Merton. Harcourt, Brace. $3.50.

A City on a Mountain. Pascal P. Parente. Grail (St. Meinrad, Ind.). $2.50.

The Man on a Donkey. H. F. M. Prescott. Macmillan. $5.

Society and Sanity. F. J. Sheed. Sheed & Ward. $3.

What God Has Joined Together. Gustave Thibon. Regnery. $2.50.

From An Abundant Spring. Edited by the Staff of *The Thomist.* P. J. Kenedy. $7.50.

Yesterday, Today and Forever. Maria Augusta Trapp. Lippincott. $3.

A Man Approved. Leo Trese. Sheed & Ward. $2.25.

The Seven Swords. Gerald Vann. Sheed & Ward. $3.

Bede Jarrett, O.P. Kenneth Wykehan-George and Gervase Mathew. Newman. $3.25.

BOOKS

From the Belly of the Whale

HENRY RAGO

ONE summer at the Abbey of Our Lady of New Melleray a Trappist was showing me around the raw foundations of a new guest-house. He explained that the monks were doing all the work themselves and he described what the house should be when it was finished. I said, "That's an enormous job you've got ahead of you." And he said, "Oh no, just a day's work. That's all we do every day, just a day's work."

He meant a good many things by that and I could make fine use of even his most obvious meaning. But among other things, I learned this: that he knew how to accept a detail and be happy with it; he knew how to celebrate the details of the day in his Office, and the day as a detail of the year; and as I thought more about it I realized that the monastic life, in all sorts of ways, means making the most of details.

Mr. Rago writes for Poetry and other literary magazines. He is a member of the University of Chicago faculty.

THE PERFECT BOOK
FOR LENTEN READING AND
EASTER GIVING

God's Wayfarer

By IRINA GORAINOFF

Irina Gorainoff has seen much of many worlds. Well-born in Imperial Russia, a refugee after the Revolution, married and widowed in America, and now living in France, she has found as a convert to the Catholic Church the faith she has been seeking. In her humble position as housekeeper to a village priest she has found the peace of self-effacement. And in her pilgrimage to Rome—of which she writes so glowingly in this enchanting and modest book—she has found a joyful confirmation of her faith in God.

"This book will charm its readers primarily for its refreshing simplicity. Yet there is frequently a profundity in the simple; and *God's Wayfarer* convincingly and successfully combines these qualities. . . . Beautiful in its descriptive passages."—*America.*

$2.50 at any bookstore, or direct from the publisher.

COWARD-McCANN, Inc.
210 Madison Ave., New York 16, N. Y.

THE CATHOLIC WORKER

February, 1953

The Sin of Anti-Semitism
Michael Harrington

Five Years on the Land
Jack and Mary Thornton

On Pilgrimage
Dorothy Day

Flight to Rome
Tom Sullivan

Subscription 25c per year. Foreign 80c
Bundle orders, 10 or more copies,
1c per copy plus postage.

Free Sample Copy on Request

The Catholic Worker
GRamercy 5-8826
223 Chrystie Street New York 2, N. Y.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

So I am grateful for Thomas Merton's new book, which is a diary (*The Sign of Jonas.* Harcourt. $3.50). I can see it as a continuation of *The Seven Storey Mountain,* but I see it better as a turn from that book, an immersion in a world which is, quite patiently and quite joyfully, a *daily* world. I am inclined to take almost every entry into this journal as a detail of special importance; and I feel that no literary form could better contain the astonishing energies of Cistercian life.

This diary almost fulfills that expectation, and sometimes luminously. It covers the everyday life of a young Trappist from 1947 to 1952. It was begun with no thought of publication; it is fragmentary, personal, informal; and now that it comes to the public it has, at various points, long explanatory statements arching over each section to furnish the background of time and situation. The diary proper is, in the immediacy of each moment, concerned with Thomas Merton's exploration of the visible and the invisible in the world of Gethsemani; and quite wonderfully do we see that world in a succession of minute incidents, immense meditations, sketches of landscape, and precise observations of weather. In all this, of course, there are many changes of mood and even of thought. These changes make as much of a story as there is, but no promise of a complete story is intended. You can have the luxury of choosing for yourself the places where you would pause and re-read.

My own copy bristles with improvised bookmarks for such places. Let me see whether I can settle for one word to describe all of them. The word is *freshness,* whether I would talk about their literary quality or their spiritual insight. I mean the word to stand for the good happy humor, the cleanness of vision, the straight language, and the freedom from cant.

JUST to avoid the difficult choice among so many possible examples, I take a handful of passages from the middle of the book and all within a page or two of one another, and I find the same moods and subjects which keep coming back through other things and in other ways. Thus I am delighted with all the busy pictures of the moving and re-moving of things around the grounds and especially with the D-4 Traxcavator which comes to live with the Trappists:

> We have a new mechanical monster on the place called a D-4 Traxcavator which is enormous and rushes at the earth with a wide-open maw and devours everything in sight. It roars terribly, especially when it is hungry. It has been given to the lay-brother novices. They feed it every day and you can't hear yourself think in the monastery while the brute is at table. It is yellow and has a face like a drawbridge and is marked all over with

Outstanding New Titles

PRINCIPLES OF MEDICAL ETHICS
By John P. Kenny, O.P. - A detailed handbook of moral theology for doctors, nurses and medical students. The author treats in detail many of the moral problems arising in marriage and mid-twentieth-century living. Throughout the work Father Kenny evinces a sound understanding of all the medico-moral problems under discussion today. *A student workbook for use with this text is now in preparation.* **$3.25**

THE WORKS OF ST. PATRICK; ST. SECUNDINUS, HYMN ON ST. PATRICK
Translated by Dr. Ludwig Bieler - Volume 17 of "The Ancient Christian Writers Series" presents a faithful translation of the Confession, the Letter and other extant writings of St. Patrick. The book also includes the hymn written as a tribute to St. Patrick by St. Secundinus and the old Irish morning prayer known as the *Lorica* of St. Patrick. **$2.50**

CODE OF INTERNATIONAL ETHICS
Edited with commentary by John Eppstein - This revision of the *Malines Code* with added commentary sets down the Christian principles and rules for true international peace and concord. An appendix contains the full text of The United Nations Charter. **$4.00**

PROGRESSIVE EDUCATORS AND THE CATHOLIC CHURCH
By Very Rev. Joseph McGlade S.S.C. - A study of modern educators and their theories showing that progressive education, as portrayed by its present devotees, is an empty philosophy with a seemingly deliberate infidelity to principles of objectivity and the scientific method, when Catholic education comes up for discussion. Ready soon. **$3.00**

CHRISTIAN SPIRITUALITY
By Pierre Pourrat, S.S. - In these volumes the author summarizes the ascetical and mystical teaching of the Church from the time of Christ down to the present day. The work is divided into four volumes: I, From the Time of Our Lord Till the Dawn of the Middle Ages; II, In the Middle Ages; III, From the Renaissance to Jansenism; and IV (now in preparation), From Jansenism to the Present Day.
3 Volumes. **$15.00**

THE IMITATION OF CHRIST
By Thomas a Kempis, newly translated and edited by Abbot Justin McCann, O.S.B. - An entirely new translation of the *Imitation,* attractively printed, indexed, and bound in a pocket-size format with black, semi-flexible imitation leather and red edges. **$2.50**

BEDE JARRETT, O.P.
By Kenneth Wykeham-George, O.P., and Gervase Mathew, O.P. - Father Jarrett was much more than a great administrator, he was a scholar, a historian and a writer on Christian spirituality whose works have been widely read throughout the world. This biography has the special merit of being written as far as possible in his own words, from his letters, books and a mass of unpublished notes. **$3.25**

Wherever good books are sold

THE NEWMAN PRESS
WESTMINSTER, MARYLAND

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Last Call for Catholic Press Month

This is the last issue, for another year, in which The Commonweal makes its special Catholic Press Month offer of 19 issues for $2. Here is the final chance to take advantage of a saving of over 47 per cent on the single copy price.

In coming weeks the magazine plans to discuss a wide range of subjects, among them the first steps of the Eisenhower Administration, the scandal of the New York waterfront, academic freedom and the character of our new American writing. It will also publish first-hand dispatches from Britain, France, Italy and other lands. It will supply truly informative reading.

The attached special offer provides a handy way of helping a friend discover The Commonweal for himself or herself. To obtain the special rate, please use the coupon below, or refer to it by date.

------19 Weeks for $2------

for New Subscribers

THE COMMONWEAL
386 Fourth Ave.,
New York 16, N. Y.

For the enclosed $2. send
the next 19 issues to

NAME .....

STREET .....

CITY .....

2-27-53

signs saying it comes from the Whayne supply company in Louisville, but really, as I know from secret information, it was born on a raft in Memphis, Tennessee. There, the hippopotamus abounds: which this instrument greatly resembles.

On the opposite page, as over and over in this book, there is the complete saturation in the Kentucky heat:

> Tides of sweat coming out of you, blinding your face, making your clothes weigh twice their ordinary weight. And yet somehow it is good and satisfying to suffer these things and to do some of the penance we are supposed to do, and at night when we stand in our boiling tunnel and shout our *Salve* at the lighted window, you feel the whole basilica swing with the exultation of the monks and brothers who are dissolving in this humid furnace.

And on the page before that, there is a nice glimpse of the author sitting "on top of the bank that looks down over the beehives" and writing in this book. I have a special fondness for these little pastorals and the good-humored attentions to flies and bees. I learned at New Melleray that because of the rule of silence, the monks took pains to have a sign-language for some indispensable things in the kitchen and on the farm, and they made sure to include one sign which said, "Take it easy." I think I like Thomas Merton best when he is taking it easy.

I HAVE mentioned the style and the spirit as though they were separate, but of course they are not, and in these memorable places they are one in a fine simplicity. Even, or especially, when there is such a thing to describe as the Mass:

> The Mass each day delights and baffles me at the same time. This beautiful mixture of happiness and lucidity and inarticulateness fills me with great health from day to day. I am forced to be simple at the altar. Our liturgy has a peculiar intensity of its own precisely because it is so straightfaced and non-committal. Never an exclamation! Never an outcry!
>
> But in the middle of this beautiful sobriety the indescribably pure light of God fills you with the innocence of childhood.
>
> Day after day I am more and more aware that I am anything but my everyday self at the altar: this consciousness of innocence is really a sense of replacement. I am superseded by One in Whom I am fully real. Another has taken over my identity (or He has revealed it), and this Other is

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

a tremendous infancy. And I stand at the altar—excuse the language, these words should not be extraordinary—I stand at the altar with my eyes all washed in the light that is eternity, and I become one who is agelessly reborn. I am sorry for this language. There are no words I know of simple enough to describe such a thing, except that every day I am a day old, and at the altar I am the Child Who is God. . . .

Am I right in thinking these best moments differ from some other passages in the journal, especially in the earlier portions, not just in degree but also in kind? I call these best because they are freest of a certain harshness which Thomas Merton himself describes most strongly when he criticizes something he wrote more than ten years ago:

> One of the problems of this book was my personal relation to the world and to the last war. When I wrote it I thought I had a very supernatural solution. After nine years in a monastery I see that it was no solution at all. The false solution went like this: the whole world, of which the war is a characteristic expression, is evil. It has therefore to be first ridiculed, then spat upon, and at last formally rejected with a curse.

If certain pages in this journal carry still a little of that harshness, in one way or another, I am sure that Thomas Merton would not want the reader to dwell too long upon them. I have to say—so confidently can I put myself on this author's charity—that for just this reason I found myself uncomfortable with much of *The Seven Storey Mountain* and even with some pages in *Seeds of Contemplation.*

To mention all this now is chiefly to say how much the reader can cherish the serenity which this book achieves. He need not guess at the expense, which for centuries has had only a riddling estimate in the phrase, the Negative Way. That is a Trappist's own business: the belly of the whale. For the reader of *The Sign of Jonas* there is the *largesse*: the affirmation in all these hours and days and in the great outpouring of the Epilogue.

These things are good to see and to hear. And on the last page of this journal we hear the celestial Voice that the author hears: *"What was vile has become precious. What is now precious was never vile. I have always known the vile as precious: for what is vile I know not."* This is the fullest truth we can know, or try to know. That we come to know a little of it here is our debt to the magnanimous poor who fetch it for us out of the deeps of silence.

WALLS ARE CRUMBLING

SEVEN JEWISH PHILOSOPHERS DISCOVER CHRIST

By JOHN M. OESTERREICHER

Foreword by JACQUES MARITAIN

What readers write:

1 "The almost complete silence of the secular press toward the book does not astonish me. For it contains dynamite."
—BERNARD IVANOV, CHICAGO, ILL.

2 "I expected something very good; even so, my expectations were surpassed. . . . A regular encyclopedia of apologetics."
—FATHER EDWARD FLANNERY, PROVIDENCE, R. I.

3 "Truly unique and amazing. I never saw a book which managed to introduce its readers so painlessly into the essence of philosophers' thoughts. It ought to do a great deal to deprovincialize its readers."
—MARY PERKINS RYAN, SOUTH BEND, IND.

4 "I must stop frequently to admire the texture of the prose, the wonderful weaving of word with idea. . . . A thing of near perfection."
—NATALIE SHEEHAN, BOUND BROOK, N. J.

5 "The author's capacity to penetrate the mind, heart and spirit of the philosophers of whom he writes just amazes. This is what it really means to be civilized."
—FLORENCE QUINN, NEW YORK

6 "I find erudition and eloquence tempered by humility. . . . As someone said of Shakespeare, 'Here is God's plenty.' "
—FRANK H. McMAHON, WAHPETON, N. D.

THIRD PRINTING

DEVIN-ADAIR CO.
23 E. 26 ST., N. Y. 10 $5

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Lament for a Lost Culture

A HOUSE IN BRYANSTON SQUARE. By Algernon Cecil. Harcourt, Brace. $5.

By JOHN A. LUKACS

THE passing of cultural traditions seldom goes unlamented; recently and amidst Mr. Frederick Lewis Allen's Big Change, a number of books appeared on the American market whose authors contemplate the crumbling of the Catholic and aristocratic cultural traditions of Europe. Thus Evelyn Waugh made his new hero, Guy Crouchback, brood in the shadow of solitary mess-halls; Bernard Berenson has been holding forth, with some pedantry, from his enlightened Florentine garden; Santayana ruminated in Rome and Algernon Cecil wrote a literary memoir from a fine house in London. As every one of the above books, it had been conceived in the ruinous early forties. Through that house in Bryanston Square Algernon Cecil moved, recalling the memory of a radiant wife, of famous books, of men. He still moves in that world of a house and grows pensive upon doorsteps. It is, as the books of present-day aristocratic authors, both lonely and courageous; and it is full with emotion.

This emotion is a very important factor here. It represents a quiet challenge in an age where the very bourgeois and late Victorian mannerism of the stiff upper lip is being universally mistaken for the aristocratic standard of human behavior; and it is precisely this noble emotion which overshadows the shortcomings of this book. The prose of Algernon Cecil has always been more pointedly brilliant than serenely luminous; even in his admirable biography of Metternich he had occasionally carried himself away. In *A House in Bryanston Square* such excursions are more than sporadic and there is little restraint. There are a few diamond-tipped shafts aimed at logical objects (which include the superficialities of Mr. Churchill), and during the author's discourses with an imaginary Rabelais there are some wonderful revelations that should glow before the eyes of readers; but this is not always so and certainly not everywhere in this book.

Yet there is ample excuse for all the difficult excursions into the lost corners of the otherwise so stately rooms. Here is the immeasurable knowledge and very great sensitivity of a whole man, in the Goethe-Newman-Henry Adams tradition—all three, and especially Adams, influenced Cecil very much—who, with this book, disdainfully declines certain undoubtedly great temptations to write a *Gesamtkunstwerk* or to discourse upon the *Zeitgeist;* for he would be wholly capable of such literary products, products which would meet with far wider reception in our age with its increasingly Germanic literary tastes.

This spiritual effort in autobiography, with its great and slightly swaying steps, moving back and forth from Rabelais to Lord Roseberry, from Montaigne to Father Martindale is, then, rewarding. It belongs to those few autobiographies which are neither prolegemenon nor postcript. It is rewarding in its temper: in that it gives us a glow of the good knowledge, the potental unity of erudition and charity of which, alas, our generation has to be reminded, taught, convinced.

Literary Portraits and Essays

THE SINGULAR PREFERENCE. By Peter Quennell. Viking. $3.75

By VIVIAN MERCIER

MR. QUENNELL'S literary pedigree is easy to establish: by Lytton Strachey, out of Virginia Woolf, with Sir Edmund Gosse acting as godfather and the happy event being announced in the *Times Literary Supplement*. The twenty-eight "portraits and essays" assembled in *The Singular Preference* —the longest of which runs to only fifteen pages and the shortest to five—represent a kind of literary journalism that practically does not exist in America. Here, a book review is a book review and a literary essay is twenty pages in a quarterly —preferably about one of the giants of world literature, of whom there are never more than twenty with their dues fully paid up at any one time.

In Britain, however, the Macaulay tradition of book reviewing—twenty thousand words on the Restoration dramatists and twenty lines for Leigh Hunt's work in editing them—dies very hard. No British periodical — quarterlies included— has pages to squander any more, but even in a political weekly like *The New Statesman and Nation* every book review aspires to be a gem of the essayist's art. Since the space thought necessary to do justice to a major writer is rarely available, the British essayist beats the bushes for lesser game—English writers of the second rank, little-known foreigners, the less familiar works of big-wigs.

Furthermore, since these minor figures offer very little for a critic to get his teeth into, the essayist usually prefers to concentrate on the personality of his subject—particularly as many minor writers are major eccentrics. In truth, most such essays are little more than crystallized gossip; wasn't it Sir Edmund Gosse who hit on the perfect title for a book of them—*Gossip in a Library?*

There is very little point in reviewing Mr. Quennell's book as a separate entity, because it fits so perfectly into its dilettante tradition; if you enjoy that tradition, you'll enjoy the book. Several of his topics, even, he has inherited from his predecessors, for the supply of suitable minor figures has its limitations, as has that of authentic members in good standing of the Giant Writers' Guild. Beau Brummell (What has he to do with literature?), Moll Flanders, and Mrs. Thrale turn up also in Virginia Woolf; Sir Edmund Gosse took his kid gloves to *Les liaisons dangereuses* many years ago; T. S. Eliot

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

said something new about Tourneur, Ford, and Massinger in *Elizabethan Essays*. Mr. Quennell is usually careful not to say anything really new about anybody.

The longest essay in the book—that on H. G. Wells—proves that Mr. Quennell can be a penetrating and original critic when he has to—i.e., when few people have covered the same ground before him. I can also recommend his studies of Balzac's *Le lys dans la vallée*, of Coventry Patmore, of George Borrow, of *Our Mutual Friend* and of "The Author of *Eothen*." "Civil Service: The Family of Sanson" exudes an eerie humor. There are even epigrams: "Devotional literature flourishes on doubt, as love upon jealousy." But on the whole Mr. Quennell's criticism is superficial, his scholarship secondhand, his very style and wit traditional rather than individual. Why is it that so many stylists can only practice their art on relatively trivial subjects?

Dear, Dead Days

THE CHALLENGE. By Phyllis Bottome. Harcourt, Brace. $4.75

By ANNE FREMANTLE

THE challenge Phyllis Bottome describes are "the years from adolescence to the early thirties, in which we must expose those secret aims we have been choosing, and upon which we have built our life-plan." At eighteen, having already published a novel, she caught tuberculosis from nursing her elder sister, who had died of it. This volume of her autobiography takes the author to her thirty-third year, and ends with her marriage. Since it is dedicated to her husband, the marriage must be assumed to have been a success.

Miss Bottome is both tragic and trivial. She leaves nothing out: not a sunset, not a cloud, not a single one of the "sights" of Europe she dutifully saw, either with parents, female friends, or fiancé. She never fails to put down exactly what interested her. "I was much inter-

For all who read and loved
THE SEVEN STOREY MOUNTAIN

THOMAS MERTON'S
JOURNAL
The Sign of Jonas

The Sign of Jonas is Thomas Merton's daily record of his life at the Trappist monastery of Our Lady of Gethsemani, taking up the chronicle where *The Seven Storey Mountain* left off. Beginning with the final months of his postulate, the journal unfolds the taking of solemn vows, the life in the fields and library, and the growth of a soul into the monastic way of life and inwardly into God.

Written with sincerity and singleness of faith, with humor and simplicity, these pages provide a clear and unusual insight into six years of an extraordinary way of life and into the mind and heart of an extraordinary man. *The Sign of Jonas* may well prove to be the most popular, certainly the most loved, of all Thomas Merton's books.
$3.50

At all bookstores

HARCOURT, BRACE AND COMPANY, 383 Madison Ave., N. Y. 17

A testament of courage in the midst of terror

THE FULL STORY of the Red war against the Church in China . . . and an account of the heroism and selfless bravery of priests, missionaries and laity whose resistance to the Communist propaganda and persecution is one of the most inspiring chapters in Catholic history.

God's Underground in Asia

By GRETTA PALMER

At all bookstores, $3.75 APPLETON-CENTURY-CROFTS

See page 528 for The Commonweal's final Catholic Press Month offer

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE GOAD OF LOVE

BY WALTER HILTON

In the 14th century Walter Hilton, author of the famous *Scale of Perfection*, translated into English a popular Latin devotional treatise, *Stimulus Amoris*, which can be read today with appreciation and enjoyment for its solid spiritual teaching and richness of devotional thought and expression.

This text was long attributed to St. Bonaventura, but it is now known that the central portion, containing instructions on the spiritual life and prayer, was written by a little-known Franciscan, James of Milan. The meditations coming before and after this kernel of instructions were added in time by anonymous authors. As such THE GOAD OF LOVE bears witness not only to the work of a devout Friar Minor, but to the aspirations and achievements of a whole age, the 14th century. Clare Kirchberger has edited this translation from ten manuscripts and given its interesting background in the introduction. $3.00

● Also in the Classics of the Contemplative Life Series are THE ASCENT OF MOUNT SION by Bernardino de Laredo, ($3.50) which greatly influenced St. Teresa of Avila, and THE SPIRITUAL ESPOUSALS by Jan Van Ruysbroek, ($3.00), a new translation of a famous spiritual classic which will be published on March 18.

NICOLAS BERDYAEV'S

THE BEGINNING AND THE END

Nicolas Berdyaev, "one of the greatest philosophers and prophets of our time," (*Times Literary Supplement*, London) has written here his most systematic work, relating his thought to that of the men he was most indebted to, notably Heraclitus, Boehme and Kant. Orienting his position around the concept of the End of things, Berdyaev gives many brilliant insights to the problems of Knowledge and Objectification, Being and Existence, Being and Creativity, and History and Eschatology.

"There are here some truths purely contemplated, brilliantly communicated."—JAMES V. MULLANEY, *Commonweal* . $3.50

● On March 18th Harper is publishing Berdyaev's THE REALM OF SPIRIT AND THE REALM OF CAESAR which is a striking, original examination of the nature of freedom. $2.50

at your bookseller

Harper & Brothers, N.Y. 16

ested to find that one of Elena's nearest neighbors was the sister of one of my father's younger friends." "I persuaded my father to take a day off from his golf." "I stayed sunbound in the enchanting stillness listening to the methodical tapping of a woodpecker." And so forth—for over four hundred pages. Miss Bottome certainly describes herself best when she writes: "It is difficult to prove to a clergyman's daughter brought up with the idea of doing good that she is 'bad' for anyone with whom she spends her dutifully arranged time." For "bad" substitute "boring," and it explains three-fourths of this book.

The tragic element is that, quite evidently, Miss Bottome is a novelist of distinction, with some two dozen well-sold books to her credit. Also, from the behavior of other people in her own story, she must have been extraordinarily pretty and attractive. In spite of the dread TB she had endlessly devoted female friends, prepared to keep her in luxury for years at a time, who offered to leave her legacies, as well as more than her quota of admirers, and lots of elderly uncles and pseudo-uncles willing to spend every available minute walking, talking, sight-seeing and carefully destroying whatever modicum of Christian faith she may once have possessed.

Her family too was interesting—the American clergyman set down in an English Midland industrial town of unparalleled ugliness, who could somehow afford a daughter roaming around Europe, a son at public school, and a wife who took not the faintest interest in his work and only lived in a world of books with "the constant pre-occupation of physical symptoms, her love for her children and her prayers."

If only Miss Bottome could have distilled her intriguing charm, and explained her flight, for ten years, "from the fear of being into attempted non-being" (as Dr. Tillich would have said) she would have written a useful and possibly a triumphant book. Instead, she has only provided cogent argument for the celibacy of the clergy. Her strongest feelings seem to have been her devotion to her family, her hatred for her elder sister, and her pride in her "bad boys" club. She felt she alone could steady them; when she went off, to the golden sun of Davos, the blue of Capri, the club, ably run by two (presumably plain) spinsters, flopped. Nor did any of her fellow-Anglicans seem stronger-virtued: Elena, the earnest lady with whom, on whom, Phyllis lived for five years "was totally ignorant of what kind of life people without regular incomes have to live." Unemployment was, she felt, caused only by sin.

The book ends with World War I. It has one immense merit—it proves that in destroying the kind of vapid, aesthetically and morally pointless lives evidently led by many among the "professional" and upper-middle classes in England, the First World War did at least some good.

Ballerina

ALICIA MARKOVA, HER LIFE AND ART. By Anton Dolin. Hermitage House. $3.95

By MICHAEL HARRINGTON

TRADITION is the very life of ballet. The written poem, the painting, survive objectively; and even in the interpretive arts, score and script transmit themselves beyond the singer or actor. But Grisi and Karsavina and the choreography of Petipa survive because they have been seen, and their seeing retold to each generation. Dance notation is still so fallible that the precise and essential quality of a ballet can be lost in a year. And thus, the poignance of ballet, for it deals with the exact definition of the transient, of space; and its beauty requires that it be destroyed by time at the very moment of transcending it.

Alicia Markova is very much a part of tradition, and in the special sense of the living present emerging from the past, and her name will always be linked with Anton Dolin who has written this book about her.

She has been associated with almost all of the important happenings in ballet of our time. Born in

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

England, Alice Marks, her name was Russified by Diaghileff and her first important dancing was with his legendary company. She was first guest artiste, then ballerina, of Sadlers-Wells when that company was taking its hesitating steps in the thirties. With Dolin, she was the organizer of the Markova-Dolin company which brought the dance to the provinces of England and there created an audience. And in the United States, she has danced with Lucia Chase's very important Ballet Theatre.

Because of this, Markova is most contemporary, yet her critical importance is in her relation to tradition. For she is, above all, Giselle.

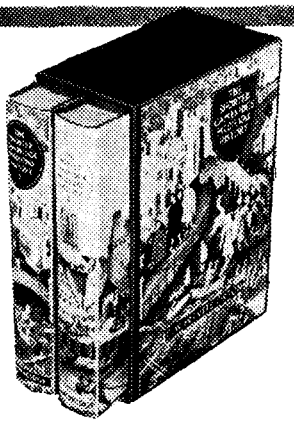
Giselle is a 19th century ballet, of simple plot (the betrayed girl goes mad, kills herself, and is conducted into the other-world) and danced to the most ordinary of music. It is a ballet which is always on the brink of sweetness, bathos and sheer mindlessness. Yet Markova—especially in her contrast of the girl in love, girl betrayed and etherealized creature of the other world—has given Giselle back to the modern audience as something important and beautiful.

Dolin has chronicled her life and done it well. Nothing is missing from the recitation of her triumphs and tragedies, and for this alone it is an important addition to the literature of the dance. But this study is a chronicle—and no more.

For Dolin does not attempt to go into the people and into the world which he knows so well. His presentation of Diaghileff, one of the most complex artistic personalities of our time, is in one dimension. And the same for Markova.

Perhaps too many are living for a frank and probing book—including the subject of the biography. Yet there are so many questions left unanswered. Markova's personal relationships are dismissed in quick sentences. The story of a Sylphide *pas de deux* which she danced in at Jacob's Pillow is given one paragraph, but Agnes de Mille in a recent article in the *Atlantic* has told the same story at length and it is alternately humorous and pathetic, and at the same time extremely revealing.

"*Magnificent*"



THE SHORTER CAMBRIDGE MEDIEVAL HISTORY

N.Y. TIMES BOOK REVIEW: "An engrossing study. Will rank for a long time as the authoritative history of these violent and colorful centuries." —*Thomas Costain*

HOLIDAY MAGAZINE: "A magnificent distillation of the vast Cambridge Medieval History, opening all the fascinations of the Middle Ages." —*Clifton Fadiman*

ST LOUIS GLOBE DEMOCRAT: "Here is history undisguised, though it reads as smoothly as a novel, but it outdoes the romantic novels in interest."

2 volumes, boxed, 1,242 pages, 265 halftones, 26 maps.
$12.50 at your bookseller's

CAMBRIDGE UNIVERSITY PRESS

Catholic Authors

Contemporary Biographical Sketches

Edited by Very Rev. Matthew Hoehn, O.S.B., B.L.S.

THIS *new,* authoritative, interesting volume of 374 intimate biographies of Catholic authors is a supplement to the preceding work, CATHOLIC AUTHORS: CONTEMPORARY BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCHES, 1930-1947, which is listed in Constance M. Winchell's *Guide to Reference Books.*

The present compilation, like the one before it, includes authors who have died since 1930 as well as those who are still living. It also includes those whose works have been published in a foreign language, provided at least one of their books has been translated into English. The two volumes contain a total of 994 biographies.

No other reference work gives so complete a list of contemporary Catholic authors and such full and detailed information concerning them.

Volume II
652 pages ***$6.50***

Volume I
(published at $10)
and **Volume II**
Both **Books $13**

St. Mary's Abbey
528 High St., Newark 2, N. J.

☐ Please send me CATHOLIC AUTHORS, Volume II, for which I enclose $6.50.

☐ Please send CATHOLIC AUTHORS, both Volume I and Volume II, for which I enclose $13.

Name .....

Address .....

City ..... Zone ..... State .....

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

BOOKS

for Lenten Reading

THE CROWN OF SORROW

by Archbishop A. Goodier, S.J.

A pocket-sized book with the Passion of Our Lord and a Meditation for each day of Lent. $1.25

INTRODUCING THE SAINTS

by Mary E. McGill

Two volumes, each containing 26 biographies of Saints. Written in a light and popular style. $2.00 a volume

PENNIES FOR PAULINE

by Mary Fabyan Windeatt

Pauline Jaricot was the daughter of a French millionaire who originated gathering of money for the Missions. Illustrated. $3.00

MASTER OF MISCHIEF MAKERS

by Leo Charles Burkhard

John Baptist de la Salle was a very interesting person and should be of more interest to the students of the Christian Brothers which he founded. $2.50

Special Lenten Bargain

The following five books by Archbishop Alban Goodier, S.J., may be had for $5.00 if ordered directly from The Grail Office, St. Meinrad, Indiana. Value $6.25

THE CROWN OF SORROW
JESUS CHRIST, THE SON OF GOD
THE MEANING OF LIFE
THE PRINCE OF PEACE
THE SCHOOL OF LOVE

THE GRAIL

ST. MEINRAD INDIANA

Yet this book is still worthwhile. There are glimpses of the fantastic world of the ballet (a wonderful anecdote about the great egoist, Serge Lifar, for instance), and there is the obvious mark of a labor of love. Dolin's life has been ballet and a great part of his significant dancing has been done with Markova. He communicates the love he feels for both and, by doing so, he enriches our tradition.

Pilgrim's Progress

GOD'S WAYFARER. By Irina Gorainoff. Coward-McCann. $2.50.

By MARJORIE CROWE HUGHES

AN appropriate subtitle calls this book "the chronicle of a modern pilgrim." The author, a Russian gentlewoman who lived for several years in the United States, made a pilgrimage from her present home, a village in France, to Rome, where she attended the beatification of Pius X.

To show her confidence in God she set forth penniless, wearing a wooden cross around her neck, carrying a change of clothes, and walked or hitchhiked all the way, praying for the peace of the world.

The first and longer part of the book is a perceptively written and vivid record of her experiences on the way. Her acute observation of herself and others along with an unusual sensitivity to the beauty of the natural world are expressed in a delicate and precise choice of words (the book has only one-hundred eighty-two pages) and in a spirit of authentic gaiety. It makes fine reading.

But it is in the second very brief, very moving section that the pilgrimage of part one is illuminated as a symbol of Irina Gorainoff's pilgrimage through time to eternity. She tells us how and why she returned from Rome to take up again a difficult life of keeping house for the village priest, nursing the sick, playing the organ on Sunday. A monotonous and often humiliating routine for a cultivated woman of her background and sophistication.

FOR LENTEN READING

*"A book for all Christian families and for all members of the family."**

MARIA AUGUSTA TRAPP'S new book

Yesterday, Today, and Forever

This warmly personal narrative of the way in which Christ has become an active presence in every aspect of the Trapp family's daily life "manages to combine the fascination which the life of Christ has exerted on men's minds for centuries with the immediate urgency of a news broadcast."—* *Books on Trial* $3.00

The Story of the Trapp Family Singers

"Abounding in humor, freshness and love."—*America*

Illustrated. 10th Large Printing. $3.75

The religious novels of

LOUIS DE WOHL

The Golden Thread

With humility and deep religious conviction, Louis de Wohl takes us into the mind and heart of St. Ignatius Loyola, skillfully weaving the great reformer's own story with the colorful and dangerous history of 16th century Spain. $3.00

THE RESTLESS FLAME

The Story of St. Augustine and the turbulent final days of the Roman Empire. $3.00

THE QUIET LIGHT

An inspired re-telling of the life of St. Thomas Aquinas. $3.00

THE LIVING WOOD

The story of the quest for the True Cross, in the early days of Christianity. $3.00

At all bookstores

J. B. LIPPINCOTT COMPANY

Philadelphia New York

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

She describes the peasantry in transition, its traditions dying. "Faith, which fifty years ago was a safe and comfortable oil lamp, lighting up traditional ways, is now like a candle flickering in the open." The difficulties of priest and peasant under the impact of modern civilization and her own uncomfortable role as lay helper in the struggle are told with charity, humility and gratitude. Her book is a clue to those who are not pilgrims but wanderers in the maze.

The Difference

A DOG'S HEAD. By Jean Dutourd. Simon and Schuster. $3.

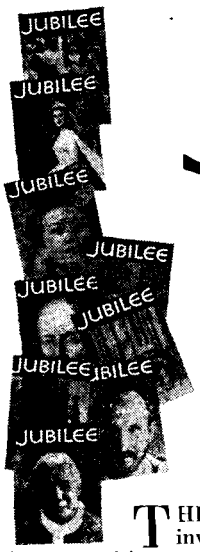
By EDWIN KENNEBECK

THE author of this curious novel is evidently a man of some intelligence and insight, but it is difficult to tell what effect he wanted to achieve. M. Dutourd has declared that he does not wish his readers to look for "problems" or "symbols," but this story (first published in France in 1950) of a man who, quite literally, has the head of a spaniel naturally invites us to do the author the justice of looking for such things.

Edmond Du Chaillu's difficulties in being accepted in the world of normal people sometimes begin to sound believable—when, for instance, he is refused a job as a teacher because he has a dog's head, we are reminded vaguely of parallels with racial prejudice, McCarthyism, and so on. But so forced and peculiar is the plight of this particular hero that we can find ourselves losing interest in him without any shame at all.

That this can happen is unfortunate, for if Edmond's anomoly were made imaginably acceptable some incidents in the story could be read as incisive Swiftian or Kafkaesque parodies of human nature. There is an interesting passage about Edmond's friendship with four pet dogs, describing the results of his sympathy with the animal world: the animals begin to take advantage of him. And Edmond's love affair

"Jubilate Deo, omnis terra"—"O sing joyfully to the Lord, all the earth" (Psalm LXV)



JUBILEE

A Magazine of the Church & Her People

- UNIQUE *because . . . it is the first national picture magazine for a Catholic audience . . .*
- UNIQUE *because . . . you, as one of the first 50,000 subscribers, will receive one share of Class A stock with each one-year subscription (at $5 per package) and will thus share in the ownership of Jubilee and in its profits.*

THE EDITORS of *Jubilee* invite your participation in an exciting new publishing venture. The result of three years of preparatory work, *Jubilee* will give a new vision of the Church and her people through the best techniques of modern pictorial journalism.

Through the searching eye of the camera and the penetrating insight of skilled writers and editors, *Jubilee* will report the Church in all her beauty: her intellectual eminence, her hard work, her charity, her spirit of true peace.

Current events, international news, the family and the religious life, history, the liturgy, the arts and sciences, sports and entertainment—indeed every worthwhile field of man's thought, work and play—will furnish subjects for *Jubilee's* text and picture coverage.

Christianity has something to say about everything, so *Jubilee's* scope will be world-wide and time-encompassing. *Jubilee* will bring a fresh approach to the lives of Our Lord and His Saints—and will show how His Truth is borne today by the ordinary people of His Church: housewife, worker, teacher, mystic, farmer, businessman, monk, priest, brother and sister—the living, working, praying, thinking Church.

Jubilee is edited by Catholic laymen, veterans of years of experience in the Catholic and secular fields, working with the aid of religious and lay advisors.

Jubilee's dramatic photographs—often in color—and expertly prepared text will be printed on quality stock. The first issues are now in production. Subscription price is $4 per year (35c per copy on the newsstands) . . . But to initial subscribers, *Jubilee's* editors are making this unusual offer: *In a plan inspired by the Social Encyclicals, the first 50,000 subscribers will receive one share of Class A stock with each one-year subscription, paying $5 for the package.*

As a charter subscriber, you will thus share in *Jubilee's* profits and its successes. Only 50,000 charter packages are being offered (many have already been bought), so reply immediately. Use the coupon below to become a charter subscriber.

Stock details: The A.M.D.G. Publishing Co., Inc., in order to promote and publish *Jubilee,* offers 50,000 non-voting Class A shares, each share (par value $1) sold exclusively in combination with one 1-year subscription, at $5 per package.

No underwriter is engaged in this offering of charter packages. They are being offered directly by the Corporation. The expenses connected with this offering are estimated at $30,000 (60c per package). A complete prospectus may be obtained through the magazine's offices at 377 Fourth Avenue, New York 16.

Because these securities are believed to be exempt from registration, they have not been registered with the Securities and Exchange Commission; but such registration, if available, does not indicate that the securities have been either approved or disapproved by the Commission or that the Commission has considered the accuracy of the statements in this communication.

From Jubilee's files: *A Jesuit in California*: "A startling and stimulating new venture . . . a crisp green island of sanity in our mad ocean of materialism. Our civilization thirsts for such things."

An Eastern businessman: "I admire both the technical proficiency behind *Jubilee* and the ideas which dictated its formation."

Please detach & mail today!

To the Business Manager of JUBILEE, 377 Fourth Ave., New York 16

☐ I want to become one of JUBILEE's first 50,000 charter subscribers. I understand that I am to receive one share of non-voting Class A stock (par value $1) and one full year (12 issues*) of JUBILEE for each charter subscription package I buy. If approximately 35,000 packages are not sold by Dec. 1, 1953, the stock shares and subscriptions will be canceled for all subscribers, and all monies will be returned, minus about 35c per package for legal and handling expenses.

☐ Enclosed is $..... for ..... charter subscription packages at $5 each.

☐ Please bill me for ..... packages.
*13 issues if you enclose payment now!

Name .....

Street .....

City ..... State .....

CW-1

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Unqualified praise for the first book to set forth an authoritative approach to psychiatry and Catholic life

Psychiatry AND Catholicism

By The Rev. JAMES H. VANDERVELDT, O.F.M., Ph.D. and ROBERT P. ODENWALD, M.D., F.A.P.A.

With a foreword by the Archbishop of Washington, D. C., The Most Reverend PATRICK A. O'BOYLE

"This book unquestionably represents the most mature and certainly the most systematic attempt made thus far to evaluate modern psychiatry from a Catholic viewpoint . . . a book for reading, for study, for reference and (since it does not intend to be a final word) for discussion."—*Commonweal*

"A splendid and valuable contribution . . . of value not only to the specialist—the physician and the priest—but also the ordinary layman."—*Catholic Monthly Review*

"Fr. VanderVeldt and Dr. Odenwald have done a remarkable job in delineating the moral aspects of sound psychiatry. With a critical but dispassionate eye to determine what precisely is true and what false, they bring to the field of psychiatry a long-needed discipline; the scholarly contact with exact logic, keen analysis and the philosophy and morality of the Catholic Church."—*Extension*

"There is hardly anything in the field of psychiatry which is not touched upon . . . the book goes a long way toward reconciliation and represents the first large-scale attempt of this sort in the Anglo-Saxon world."—*N.Y. Times Book Review*

$6.00 *at all bookstores*

McGRAW-HILL BOOK CO.

NEW YORK 36, N. Y.

with a girl named Anne promises to bring the book to life at times. This love fails him, however, and we read, "Ah, did you think, my friend, that you could cross just like that to the side of men? It is only real men, endowed with human noses, human eyes, human mouths and human hair who are admitted to the side of men." The reader is likely to agree with this; and he may decide that it is not an especially unusual observation. Dutourd's pivotal device just doesn't come off; it is neither "logical" nor significant enough to deserve comparison with Swift or Kafka.

Realizing this, the reader may decide that the author simply meant to be humorous. But except for a few ironic comments Dutourd's attempts at humor are rather upsetting. The opening paragraph is disastrous. There may have been more humor in the original publication, since some things can be made amusing by being expressed in funny ways. For all I know, the remarks about Edmond's parentage, and the reference to constipation later in the book, were expressed *just so* in French. In this English version these and many other remarks are only distasteful. And some of the jokes are simply flat, as when Edmond bitterly says to himself, "All I am permitted is to go to the dogs!"

The business of the dog's head is, of course, constantly in the foreground; hardly a variation on the fantasy is left untried, and it does get to be a bore. Nevertheless the author sometimes writes very deftly and savagely, so that the book is a genuine disappointment and something of a puzzle.

Soviet Shackles

WHEN THE GODS ARE SILENT. By Mikhail Soloviov. Translated from the Russian by Harry C. Stevens. David McKay. $3.95.

By JAN OLECHOWSKI

WHAT is unknown about the Soviet Union is the spiritual life of the people subjected to ruthless totalitarian treatment. What are the spiritual forces that make them

3 NEW BOOKS

WE and THE HOLY SPIRIT

Leonce de Grandmaison, S.J.

If you are a lay person and have been looking for a book dealing with your spiritual problems in the world, this book of conferences by a famed spiritual writer will give you detailed spiritual direction. Make your Lenten Reading a rich experience. $3.75

THE CHURCH TODAY

Emmanuel Cardinal Suhard

The late and beloved archbishop of Paris has had a profound impact on the shaping of our Christian life. We gather together here his pastoral letters and meditations on such themes as the priesthood, the family, the Church, God, Providence, Property, and Catholic Action. A deluxe edition, with striking photographs of Suhard. $4.75

I WANT TO SEE GOD

P. Marie-Eugene, O.C.D.

Father Marie-Eugene gives us a mature exposition of the teachings of the saintly Teresa of Avila, reformer of the Carmelite order. His genius is to make it meaningful for laymen as well as religious. This was her aspiration. She handed down her rich spiritual doctrines and experiences to help others see God. Ready in March. $5.75

Fides Publishers

21 W. Superior Chicago 10, Ill.

AN APPEAL

The Maryknoll Sisters' Clinic reports that the numbers of homeless refugees have greatly increased in Pusan, South Korea; "the poorest of the people are dying of starvation." Funds for $5 food packages for the Clinic's "Adopt-a-Family" program, and donations of any amount, may be sent to: War Relief Services, National Catholic Welfare Conference, 350 Fifth Avenue. New York 1, N. Y.

BOOK STORES

ST. LOUIS, MO.

B. HERDER BOOK CO.

Two Stores:

15 AND 17 SOUTH BROADWAY

1007 OLIVE STREET

ST. LOUIS, MISSOURI

MINNEAPOLIS, MINN.

CATHOLIC GIFT SHOP

Religious Articles

Catholic Books

37 So. 8th Street

Minneapolis 2, Minn.

Atlantic 2013

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

BOOK STORES

NEWARK, N. J.

J. B. Reilly

Religious Articles and Books
57 HALSEY STREET
NEWARK 2, NEW JERSEY

NEW YORK, N. Y.

P. J. KENEDY & SONS

Publishers and Booksellers

12 BARCLAY STREET NEW YORK 8

PHILADELPHIA, PA

The PETER REILLY COMPANY

Publishers—Booksellers—Importers

131 N. Thirteenth Street
Philadelphia 7, Pa.
LOcust 7-5017

WASHINGTON, D. C.

W. J. GALLERY & CO.

Catholic Books

718 11th St., NORTHWEST

WESTMINSTER, MD.

The NEWMAN BOOKSHOP
WESTMINSTER, MARYLAND
Washington Branch:
3428 NINTH STREET, N.E.
WASHINGTON 17, D. C.

PITTSBURGH, PA.

KIRNER'S Catholic Book Store

309 Market Street

PITTSBURGH 22, PA.

Telephone CO. 1-2326

COLUMBUS, O.

Cathedral Bookshop
and
Catholic Information Center
205 EAST BROAD STREET
(Opposite Cathedral Square)
COLUMBUS 15, OHIO

SOUTH BEND, IND.

AQUINAS LIBRARY & BOOKSHOP, INC.

108-112 E. LASALLE

SOUTH BEND, INDIANA

CHICAGO, ILL.

The Thomas More Association
***Publishers of* BOOKS ON TRIAL**
Complete Book Service
For Individuals and Libraries
210 WEST MADISON ST.
CHICAGO 6, ILL.

survive the evil? What are the hopes, the dreams, the moral conflicts of men who are taught that the only good and right in our world is what is good and right for the state?

It is only the artist who can answer those questions. A writer can discover for us the inside story of human life in Soviet Russia. I think it should be a Russian writer. The Western writers, even such prominent authors as Koestler and Orwell, when describing human tragedy in a totalitarian state are usually talking about an abstract state, and because of that, their picture of life also becomes abstract.

Unfortunately, *When the Gods Are Silent,* one of the first novels about Soviet life to be written by a former Soviet citizen, is a complete failure. But it is a significant failure. It proves that for a Soviet writer to choose freedom is not enough. Mr. Soloviov's book has the characteristics of a modern Soviet novel, and reflects a literary pattern imposed by political critics on all artistic production in Soviet Russia. This lengthy novel is a chronicle of events, resembling the famous novel of Mikhail Sholokov, *The Silent Don.* The story starts at the beginning of our century and ends in 1945. On this broad canvas, the hero of the novel, Mark Surov, takes part in the Revolution and in the civil war, becomes a student at Moscow University, and later a Communist Party organizer in the Far East. Although while working in the Far East he loses his faith in Communism, he still manages to become a high official in the Kremlin itself. During the Great Purges of the thirties he escapes serious consequences, but is expelled from the great cities and takes a job as a teacher in the village of his childhood. And finally in World War II he leads guerrilla warfare against both Stalin and Hitler.

Throughout this story we see the facts of Surov's behavior but we don't learn his psychological motives. All the characters in the novel are painted black or white in typically Soviet manner. The hero and his friends are white, the Kremlin's clique is black. But how Mark Surov could have become a high official

FATHER HECKER AND HIS FRIENDS

by Joseph McSorley, C.S.P.

A spiritually stimulating and eminently readable story of an extraordinary band of men who a century ago undertook to tell Americans the truth about the Catholic Church, Father McSorley's new book gives the reader a clear picture of elements that went into the development of the Catholic Church in the United States. **$3.95**

CHRIST—THE IDEAL OF THE PRIEST

by Dom Columba Marmion

This new Marmion work will take its place inevitably by the side of its three celebrated forerunners: *Christ in His Mysteries, Christ the Ideal of the Monk,* and *Christ the Life of the Soul.* It is their completion and crown, and constitutes with them a worthy completion of the *corpus asceticum* of Dom Marmion, centered on Christ. **$4.50**

LIFE EVERLASTING

by R. Garrigou-Lagrange, O.P.

A discussion of death, judgment, hell, purgatory, and heaven, by the learned professor of the Anglicum in Rome. "While the book is profoundly theological in content, the method of presentation is popular. This is the best book in English on the last things."—*Liguorian* **$4.50**

THE LIGHT OF THE WORLD

by

Rt. Rev. Benedict Baur, O.S.B.

". . . many have been looking for a complete book of daily meditations based on the liturgical year with emphasis on the seasonal liturgy. Dom Benedict's books can be warmly recommended . . . should be welcomed by the growing number of laity who wish to integrate the liturgy into their lives."—*Commonweal*

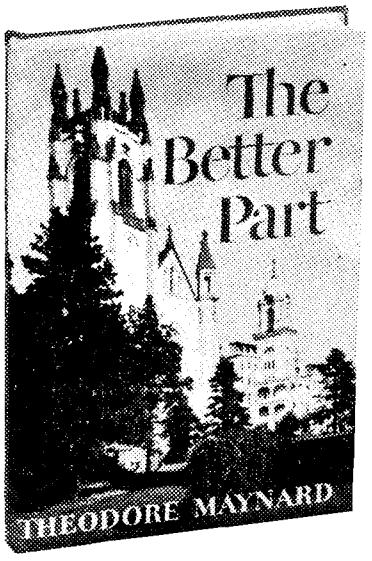
2 vols., Vol. I, $7.50
Vol. II, $7.00

At your bookstore or from

B. HERDER BOOK CO.
15 & 17 So. Broadway
St. Louis 2, Mo.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

A revealing biography of the holy novice who scaled the heights of Christian perfection



THE BETTER PART

by

Theodore Maynard

Born in 1901 in New Jersey, Sister Miriam Teresa never wrote a line for publication and yet was the inspired author of *Greater Perfection.* Dr. Maynard, the distinguished dean of American Catholic biographers, makes us see every aspect of this very holy soul —her mind, feelings and ideals. He tells of the many extraordinary mystical favors accorded her from childhood, and of her life after she entered the Community of the Sisters of Charity when for her the love of God superseded all else. $3.50

AT YOUR BOOKSTORE

The Macmillan Company

60 FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK 11, N.Y.

in the Kremlin, and yet remain an honest and good man, Mr. Soloviov does not try to explain. His persons are types, and they all look very much alike. Even Stalin, who appears personally in the novel, seems insignificant and very much like the others.

It would be possible to argue that Mr. Soloviov lacks the true literary gift. But according to Soviet literary standards, he would be considered a talented author. And he probably is. But he has to free himself from the Soviet conception of art. Art in Soviet Russia is an instrument of political propaganda. It does not reflect the inner spiritual life of the Soviet people. What the Western world expects from former Soviet writers is not more books of anti-Stalin propaganda, but a presentation of that spiritual resistance of the individual, that constant struggle of man against totalitarian annihilation, which takes place now in the very unhappy country of Soviet Russia.

Combat Medics

BACK DOWN THE RIDGE. By W. L. White. Harcourt, Brace. $3.

By WILLIAM PFAFF

THE accomplishments of the Army and Marine medical services are often enough referred to—a bow to the "courageous medic" is part of the war correspondent's SOP—but it is not so fully understood that the combat medical work of the military services is a triumph of applied science and research.

Mr. White, an able journalist, takes care of that part of the Medical Corps' story in *Back Down the Ridge.* He follows a group of wounded men from the time they are hit, to their convalescence back in the States, describing with quiet power the treatment they receive at each stage of the trip. The company or platoon aid man gives the wounded soldier immediate first aid, and starts him walking, or by litter, to the battalion aid station—a thousand yards to a couple of miles behind the line. There he is given

Have you a nose for literature?

Americans in search of the best in current English literature can keep hot on the scent with the aid of BRITISH BOOKS OF THE MONTH.

This fascinating magazine is an invaluable guide. Month by month its celebrated contributors lend rare wit, wisdom and authority to reviews of the latest and most noteworthy British books.

BRITISH BOOKS OF THE MONTH has been a powerful influence in English literature since 1875. Year by year its circulation and authority have grown until now it has become indispensable to everyone connected with the world of letters.

A year's subscription costs only $3 post free

British Book Centre

122 East 55th St., New York 22

Classified

★ Rate for your message, 12½c a word. Eight words per $1. Twelve words minimum. Centered lines 85c each. Discounts: 5% for 3 times, 10% for 7 times, 15% for 13 times.

BOOKS

★ Books: Used, Old, Rare
For Librarians, Collectors, Readers
Huge Stock Reasonably Priced
Catalogs Free Browsers Invited
Want Lists Solicited. Libraries Purchased
DAUBER & PINE BOOKSHOPS, INC.
66 Fifth Avenue, New York 11, N. Y.

IRISH BOOKS AND GIFTS

★ Books, Linens, Gifts, *Catalogs*
IRISH INDUSTRIES DEPOT, INC.
870 Lexington Ave. (near 65th), New York

CATHOLIC BOOKS

★ Catholic Books, Christmas Cards, Woodcarvings, Ceramics, Rosaries, Missals, Imports from Oberammergau, Belgium and France. THE GUILD BOOK SHOP, 117 East 57th Street, New York 22, N. Y. PLaza 3-0225. Catalogue on request.

CHESTERTON AND BELLOC

★ Chesterton, Belloc & Baring Books
250 titles. Free Catalogue
Prosser, 2937 North Racine Ave.
Chicago 13, Illinois

COSTUMES

★ SHOWS MAKE MONEY
Send for our Catalog No. 55C and suggestions for a Show which can make money for your organization.
HOOKER-HOWE COSTUME COMPANY
Box 391, Haverhill, Massachusetts

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

plasma, a sedative, and any treatment necessary to keep him alive through the next stage of the journey. This time it is by ambulance or helicopter to the Mobile Army Surgical Hospital, the MASH. These units are perhaps the most interesting medical development the Korean war has seen. Assigned one to a division, this truck and tent hospital stays close to the front, usually close behind division headquarters. It is equipped to do the basic surgery that in the last war was saved for evacuation hospitals, miles to the rear.

It is a fascinating and moving story that Mr. White tells, and therefore it is regrettable that he insists upon telling it in a modified GI vernacular — s o m e t h i n g which sounds fine when used by an infantryman, but sounds pretty phony coming from W. L. White. And Mr. White is also guilty of at least one large error of fact in putting the 82nd Airborne in Korea, when he apparently refers to the 187th Airborne Regimental Combat Team.

Those shortcomings, along with a few unnecessarily partisan recriminations about U.S.-Far Eastern policy, intrude upon Mr. White's brief and readable story. This is not the memorable and profoundly conscientious reporting which a few correspondents (notably Homer Bigart) have given us about this remote, easily ignored war. But in its smooth way, *Back Down the Ridge* says something worth our comfortable attention.

REVIEWERS

John A. Lukacs has written on political affairs for the New York Times Magazine, and teaches at Chestnut Hill College and LaSalle College.

Vivian Mercier is co-editor of the recent anthology, *1,000 Years of Irish Prose.*

Michael Harrington is on the staff of the Workers Defense League. He has written on literature for the Columbia Encyclopedia.

Marjorie Crowe Hughes is a free lance writer who lives in Chemung, New York.

Edwin Kennebeck is working on the staff of Funk & Wagnalls.

Jan Olechowski writes for Radio Free Europe.

Colleges and Schools

MARYLAND

COLLEGE OF NOTRE DAME OF MARYLAND

North Charles St., Baltimore 10, Maryland. A fully accredited Catholic College for Women, conducted by the School Sisters of Notre Dame. Courses leading to B.A. degree, with concentration in Art, Languages, Literature, Sciences, Music, Social Studies, Speech, Mathematics. Philosophy and Theology. Workshops in Creative Writing. Education courses leading to teacher certification. Pre-medical and laboratory technician training. Full Physical Education program, including Swimming. Address the Registrar.

PENNSYLVANIA

ROSEMONT COLLEGE

Rosemont, Pa. A Catholic College for Women conducted by the Religious of the Society of the Holy Child Jesus. Accredited by the Association of American Universities. Situated on the Main Line of the Pennsylvania Railroad. Eleven miles from Philadelphia. Address the Registrar for information. Telephone Bryn Mawr 4514.

NEW JERSEY

GEORGIAN COURT COLLEGE

Four-year course leading to B.A. and B.S. degrees provides a solid background of general culture and special training in one particular field. Well-integrated program in Liberal Arts, Fine Arts, Science, Music, Home Economics, Business Administration. Teacher Training. Fully accredited. Address Secretary. Lakewood, N. J.

NEW YORK

NAZARETH COLLEGE

Rochester 18, N. Y. Conducted by Sisters of St. Joseph. B.A. and B.S. Degrees. Liberal Arts—Science—Education—Art—Music—Speech and Dramatics—Secretarial Science—Social Service—Nursing—Medical Technology.

KANSAS

ST. BENEDICT'S COLLEGE

Atchison, Kansas. A Catholic College for men conducted by the Benedictine Fathers. A Liberal Arts College, accredited by the North Central Association. Located fifty miles north-west of Kansas City, Missouri, on the Missouri River. Address Registrar for information.

DELAWARE

ARCHMERE ACADEMY

Accredited boy's preparatory school under Norbertine Canons. High school only. Resident and day students. Small classes, limited enrollment. Complete sports program, well equipped gymnasium and athletic fields. Magnificent main building set in spacious 48 acre campus overlooking the Delaware River. Public speaking, orchestral and choral groups, social activities. Moral and spiritual guidance. Located at Claymont, Delaware, 21 miles south of Philadelphia. Write for catalog. Very Reverend Headmaster, Box 67-H, Claymont, Delaware.

MARYLAND

GEORGETOWN

Oldest Catholic Preparatory School in U.S. Founded 1789 by the Jesuit Fathers. Boys — grades 7-12. Fully accredited. Limited enrollment. Supervised study. 93-acre campus 5 miles from Nation's Capital. Rifle range, 9-hole golf course, 10 tennis courts, other sports. Public speaking, debating, choir. Hobby shop. Write for catalog. Rev. Wm. A. Ryan, S. J., Box 210, Garrett Park, Md.

RHODE ISLAND

PORTSMOUTH PRIORY SCHOOL

Portsmouth, Rhode Island, 23 miles from Providence, 8 miles from Newport, on inland waters of Narragansett Bay. Conducted by American Monks of the English Benedictine Congregation, assisted by Lay Masters. Five forms, 8th grade and four years of high school. Standard Preparatory Course for all colleges and technical schools. Added opportunities in Mathematics and Languages. College Board Examination. Full facilities for athletics including sailing. Address the Secretary.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

They Say You Become What You Read

so they say, so look out. The following books will have no distressing consequences, even if you do read two in Catholic Book Week:

THE SEVEN SWORDS
by Gerald Vann, O.P.

Written to give us a deeper understanding of Our Lady's sorrows and consolation in our own. The illustrations are reproductions of eight paintings by El Greco. $3.00

THE HIDDEN STREAM
by Msgr. Ronald Knox

Msgr. Knox is always at his happiest and best in dealing with the Catholic undergraduates at Oxford. In these conferences he discusses, among other things, what a modern agnostic is likely to make of the classical proofs for the existence of God, compares miracles with some of the odder happenings at spiritualistic seances, and considers what the population of heaven will be like. $3.00

SOCIETY AND SANITY
by F. J. Sheed

On man, his aims and end, and what principles should govern him in his dealings with his fellows: in marriage, the family, education, society, and the state. You will have to read this eventually—why not now, after all, this IS Catholic Book Week. $3.00

A MAN APPROVED
by Leo Trese

Father Trese examines the consciences of his fellow priests, by examining his own. Like "Vessel of Clay" this was written for priests, but a layman reading it will both gain in respect for his clergy and find his own soul getting a very thorough Spring cleaning. $2.25

BE NOT SOLICITOUS
Edited by Maisie Ward

True stories of the help God has given to families that trusted Him, with a 54-page introduction by Maisie Ward answering the questions you are now asking. $3.00

RECENT THOUGHT IN FOCUS
by Donald Nicholl

You may feel that you just don't care what existentialists, Freudians, phenomenologists, logical positivists and the rest of them are coming up with now but you ought to care, according to Dr. Nicholl. They have all got hold of some piece of truth and truth is truth, and ours wherever you find it. $3.50

You can order these from any bookstore and see them at any good one.

For more about these books and the others we are publishing this Spring see the current number of Sheed & Ward's OWN TRUMPET. To get it free and postpaid, write to Lucy MacGill.

SHEED & WARD **New York 3**

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED